

# The Critic

*An Illustrated Monthly  
Review of Literature,  
Art & Life*

Vol.  
XXXVII

August, 1900

No.  
2

FRONTISPIECE:

Portrait of the author of  
"Elizabeth and her German Garden"



CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS NUMBER:

Cornelia Atwood Pratt	Mrs. Oliphant
Regina Armstrong	Joseph B. Gilder
Christian Brinton	Andrew Lang
William Archer	Aline Gorren

AND OTHERS

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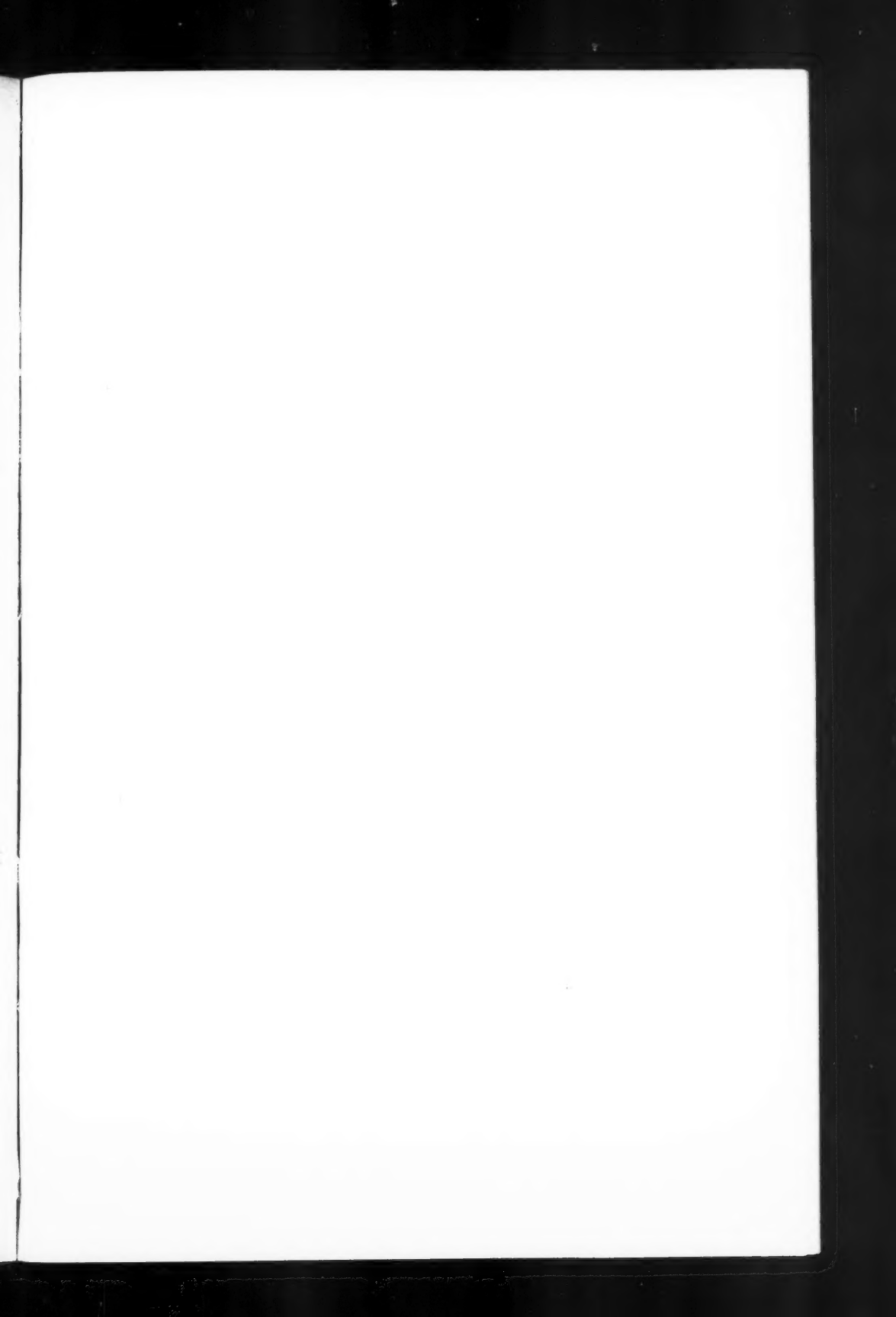




Photo. by Lafayette

London

PRINCESS HENRY OF PLESSE  
Author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden"



# The Critic

An Illustrated Monthly Review  
of Literature, Art and Life

Vol. XXXVII

AUGUST, 1900

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## The Lounger

It is with no little pleasure that I publish the portrait of the author of "Elizabeth and her German Garden." Every one who has read this most enchanting book gleaned from its pages that "Elizabeth" was an Englishwoman married to a German of high rank, and that the "Garden" was not very far from the Baltic. Now, I am credibly informed, it is apparently an open secret in England that "Elizabeth" is Maria Theresa Olivia, daughter of Mr. Cornwallis West, of Ruthin Castle, Denbyshire. In 1891, Miss Cornwallis West married Prince Henry of Plesse, and now lives at Furenstein, Schlesien, Germany. Among Prince Henry's estates is a fine old place in Pomerania on the shores of the Baltic Sea. The "Garden" is on this estate. Princess Henry of Plesse is only twenty-seven years of age now, so she was not more than twenty-four or five when she wrote "Elizabeth and her German Garden" and "A Solitary Summer." She is quite as beautiful a woman as her mother, who was one of the first of the English "professional beauties." It would be superfluous to say that the Princess Henry is clever. One need only read her books to be convinced of that. They strike a new note in literature, and one that rings strong and true. For a young woman without any special training to master such a delightful literary style is certainly remarkable. Such books as the "German Garden" make life worth living. Though their sales have probably not come anywhere near the high-water mark of recent popular novels, I would rather be the author of either of those books than of all the "Richard Carvels," "Janice Merediths," and "David Harums" that ever were written.

Apparently the authorship of the "Elizabeth" books is to be confessed in the fall, for the Macmillan Co. will publish in time for the holidays illustrated editions of both. If these books are illustrated with *bona fide* views of the "Garden" it will not be very difficult to locate the scene; that once done, the author stands revealed, so THE CRITIC is merely a little ahead of time.

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ENTERED AT NEW ROCHELLE POST OFFICE AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER.

When I first saw the name Jack London among the list of contributors to the *Atlantic Monthly*, I thought that it was a pen name, and not a very attractive one either. It seems, however, that it is the "true and only" name its young owner ever had. His father was John London, a trapper and frontiersman, and his son was named after him. I should like it better if he called himself John, but that is his affair. He probably will drop the Jack when he becomes a little



MR. JACK LONDON

older—he is only twenty-four now, having been born in San Francisco in 1876. Young London has knocked around the world a good deal, as sailor before the mast and arctic explorer, but now he has settled down in San Francisco to devote the rest of his days to literature. The *Overland Monthly*, not inappropriately, was the first magazine to publish his stories. These were seen by Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., who, notwithstanding the fact that books of short stories are not supposed to pay, made him an offer to publish the collection that Miss Pratt reviews with so much praise on another page of THE CRITIC.

Miss Annie E. Holdsworth (Mrs. Lee-Hamilton) was born in Jamaica, which she left as a child. She was educated in London, and afterwards lived in Scotland, where her father had a church. Here she wrote her first poems and stories. On her father's death in 1892 she came to London and worked on the staff of the *Review of Reviews*. She afterwards joined Lady Henry Somerset in editing *The Woman's Signal*. In 1898 she married Eugene Lee-Hamilton (author of "The



MISS ANNIE E. HOLDSWORTH  
(Mrs. Lee-Hamilton)

New Medusa," "Sonnets of the Wingless Hours," etc.), and made her home in Italy. Miss Holdsworth has travelled extensively; indeed, her books have all been produced in different countries—"Joanne Traill, Spinster," in Egypt, "The Years that the Locust hath Eaten," in England, "The Gods Arrive," in Switzerland, and "The Valley of the Great Shadow," in Italy. This last book was the outcome of a long stay at Davos, the scene of Miss Harraden's "Ships that Pass in the Night." But while Miss Harraden's book is the story of an episode in Davos, "The Valley of the Great Shadow" has for its protagonist the place itself. Most of the incidents in the book came under the author's notice during her stay there.



MR. OLIVER HERFORD  
Caricatured by Mr. Ernest Haskell

Mr. Oliver Herford, whom his friend Mr. Ernest Haskell has sketched for the benefit of THE CRITIC's readers, does not always wear the expression that distorts his features in this portrait. Mr. Haskell has given a touch of caricature to his work, which after all frequently makes the most characteristic likeness. That Mr. Herford has added



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MRS. EDITH WHARTON \*

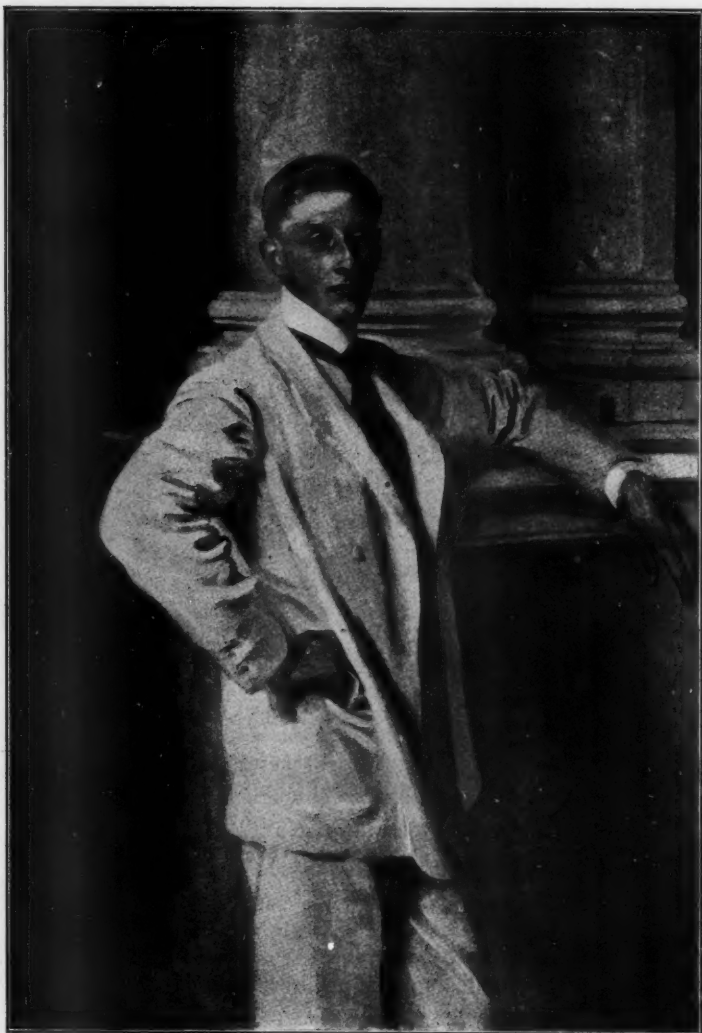
(From a painting by Julian Story)

his autograph to the picture lends it the stamp of his approval. Mr. Herford has the reputation of being a wit, and the reputation is not altogether undeserved. Among his latest contributions to the gaiety of nations is the story that a young publisher met him in the street the other day and asked him if he had not enough material on hand for a book. "Not a scrap," said Mr. Herford, "not a sketch or a line of copy, but," he added, as though a bright idea had just struck him, "could n't you pay me for it now?"



Dr. Robertson Nicoll pronounces Judge Grant's "Unleavened Bread" one of "the very best novels of the year," and so it is. Notwithstanding the success of Judge Grant's other books, I am told that this has far exceeded them in popularity.

\* See page 173



THE EARL OF DALHOUSIE

Painting by John S. Sargent, R.A.

This year more than last even is the Sargent Portrait the dominant feature of the Royal Academy display at Burlington House. Although Mr. Orchardson and Mr. Shannon are both copiously represented, they have been compelled to give way before the palpable mastery and prolific industry of Mr. Sargent. Besides two vivid renderings



of the Lord Chief-Justice, a huge three-figured composition entitled "Lady Elcho, Mrs. Adeane, and Mrs. Tennant," "Sir David Richmond," and numerous random portraits, Mr. Sargent offers a freshly handled three-quarter length of the young Earl of Dalhousie. There is about this portrait all the aggressive verve of Mr. Sargent's latter-day manner and much—almost too much—of his automatic mastery. It should be noted that it is heretical to look upon or to write about Mr. Sargent's portraits without using—automatically—the word "mastery," or variants thereof.



THE LATE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE

The recent death of François-Ferdinand-Philippe-Louis-Marie d'Orléans, technically known as S. A. R. Mgr. le Prince de Joinville, third son of Louis-Philippe, removes a picturesque figure whose life was spent in trying not to be a prince. With the passing of the Prince de Joinville at the age of eighty-two disappears the last of Louis-Philippe's sons, the "Sailor Prince," who for many years followed the sea with dash and brilliancy. The Prince de Joinville possessed distinct genius for naval matters. He made admirable changes in the French marine service, and was one of the first to advocate the inevitable transition from sail to steam. On land the prince showed equal activity, serving the duc d'Aumale in Algiers, under General McClellan in the Civil War, and in 1870 with the Army of the Loire as "colonel Lutherod, Américain." As a writer, the Prince de Joinville evinced originality, independence of thought, and humor in "Vieux Souvenirs," and was an authoritative contributor to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* on naval questions. "L'Angleterre" and "La Guerre d'Amérique" complete his more important published works.

That Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. are again firmly on their feet is a matter for hearty congratulation. No one doubted that they would "make good"; but it was something of a surprise that they accomplished their object so soon after their troubles became known. Messrs. Harper, too, announce an era of prosperity under the new order of things. Not only have their books done unusually well, but the *Weekly* and *Basar* have jumped higher than ever in public favor. The *Monthly* always was on the top wave, and it has ridden the storm from that coign of vantage.



The friend in London who sends me these interesting photographs of Mr. Bernard Shaw says that they were taken when Mr. Shaw was laid up from the results of a bicycle accident. I quote from a recent letter written by that eminent and unique playwright. He says:

"My next volume of plays will be called 'Three Plays for Puritans,' and will contain 'The Devil's Disciple,' 'Cæsar and Cleopatra,' and 'Captain Brassbound's Conversion,' and the play I wrote last summer



MR. BERNARD SHAW

Anticipates Mr. Kipling's "Absent-Minded Beggar" by a whole year

for Ellen Terry. The reason that I call 'Cæsar and Cleopatra' 'the play that beat Mr. Mansfield,' is that after his success in 'The Devil's Disciple,' which I class only as a melodrama, I wanted him to try higher and harder, and play Julius Cæsar. When he blanched, there were ructions, and I am still in my most boundless attitude toward him and all the others."

The humorous literature of the British-Boer war has not been abundant. The chief contributor to it is Mr. Albert Stickney, one of New York's well-known lawyers, a veteran of the Civil War, and a man possessing abundantly the courage of his convictions. A hearty dislike of the English prepared him to regard the early successes of the Boers as a pledge of final victory, and "The Transvaal Outlook" is a volume of

prophecy which was discredited before it appeared. The immobility of the British troops, the stupidity of their leaders, the brilliant strategy of the Boer commanders, the impossibility of relieving Ladysmith and Kimberley—all these assumptions were proved false while the book was in the press; and a postscript announces the relief of Kimberley. But to the author's vision this was only a trap of Cronje's to get Roberts in his power—a trick to lure him on to his doom in Bloemfontein! The British were at the end of their resources in men, they were hopelessly outclassed as strategists, and they were fighting a losing fight in a bad cause.



I dropped into a bric-à-brac dealer's a few days ago, and remarked to the head of the house that I supposed he was doing a very big business in antique jewelry and silverware, considering the money that had been made in New York within the last few months. To my surprise, he said he had sold very little in that line, but that within a month he had sold over \$30,000 worth of cannon. I thought that he must have had a government contract, but found that it was antique guns he was dealing in—cannon made by famous masters, which had been taken from Morro Castle and other Cuban fortifications. He said that the artists and architects of New York were wild about them, and if he had had twice as many he could have sold them all. Most of these guns will, I believe, decorate the lawns of American millionaires until some other fad supersedes them.



A "special" from Washington to the *New York Times* reports the issuance by the Postmaster-General of an order barring from the mails all matter addressed to Dorges Frigyesbankhaza of Budapest. It is alleged that the gentleman conducts a lottery. But this is obviously a subterfuge on the part of the Post-Office. It is his name, and not his calling, that has led to the barring of his mail.



Perhaps even Mr. Stickney will admit that the capture of Cronje and the leading German officer on his staff, the death of Joubert, and the killing of the chief French officer in the Boer service, have appreciably improved the outlook from the British point of view. We doubt it, however. The capture and deportation to St. Helena of Presidents Kruger and Steyn, and the annihilation of the Boer forces in a pitched battle at Pretoria, would probably evoke nothing more than an admission that appearances were against his argument, but that the argument itself was perfect. He has looked at the matter so persistently from the Boer point of view, that he has not even learned who was in command at Kimberley, and more than once refers to the commander there as Col. Baden-Powell! This is at least as correct as his vaticinations, and the deductions he has drawn therefrom—for it really seems as if he had prophesied first and reasoned afterwards.

Whether that portion of the reading public that confesses to a deep-seated admiration for the writings of George Borrow be well defined enough to be called a cult, it is nevertheless true that the famous Scholar-Gypsy has many devoted followers. Messrs. Putnam are to publish in the fall the first uniform edition of Borrow's works to appear in America, edited and annotated in part by that most devoted of followers, Mr. W. J. Knapp, author of "The Life of George Borrow." Painstaking effort and research have been spent on this edition, and the original editions and, in some cases, the manuscripts have been followed, thus avoiding many errors of more recent editions, and publishing for the first time certain suppressed episodes, particularly in "Lavengro." The volumes will be illustrated with etchings and photogravures of scenes described in the narrative.



With the object of encouraging American composition, Conductor Kaltenborn frequently offers, at his summer-night concerts, the most plausible of those scores which are from time to time submitted for performance. The latest work of this character to receive audition was a suite (*Postludia Religiosa*) from Mr. Edward Tuckerman Potter's lyric drama "Xitria." While from a single hearing it is impossible to gauge the real significance of this Xitrian suite, it clearly proved of unmistakable interest. Except in the storm movement the scoring is light and is mainly for the strings, which are employed with delicacy and resource. Mr. Potter's talent seems rather lyrical than dramatic, though strength is by no odds lacking. There is much that is individual and unacademic in this suite, and it would be a pleasure to hear "Xitria" in its entirety.

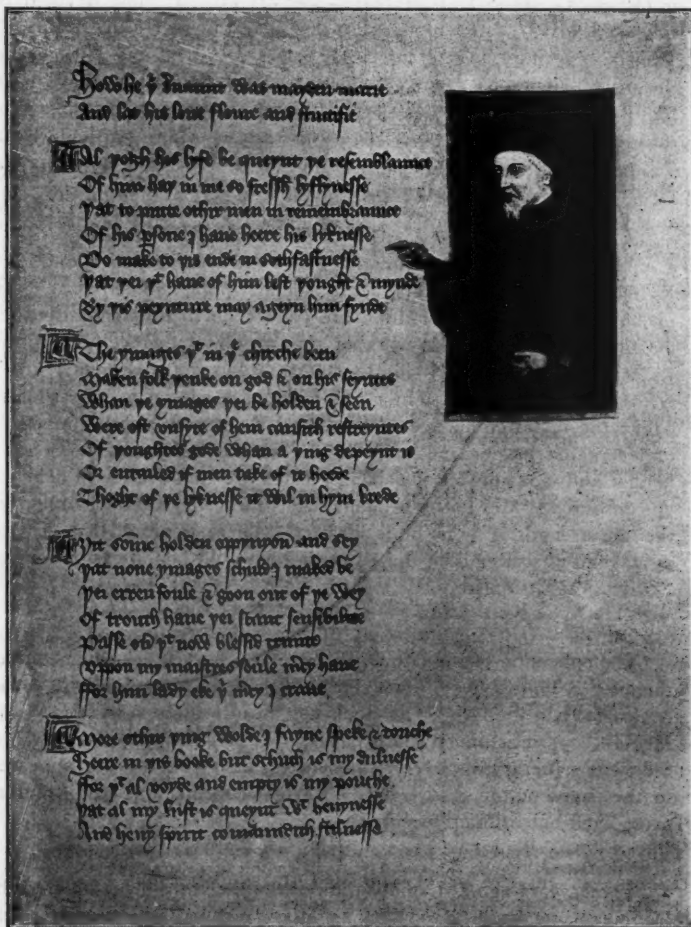


The collection of the late G. W. Steevens's scattered papers, under the title "Things Seen," will be published by Messrs. Dodd, Mead & Co. early in the fall. The book has an introduction by Mr. W. E. Henley covering some twenty pages. Mr. Henley was in a way Mr. Steevens's literary discoverer, the latter's first work having appeared in the pages of the *Scots Observer* when the former was editor of that short-lived but brilliant weekly.



Three years ago a dramatization of "Quo Vadis" was offered the leading managers of New York by Miss Marbury, who assured them that it was "the biggest thing on the dramatic horizon." They shook their heads and turned away. Time has proved that Miss Marbury was right. Ten companies on the road and a "continuous performance" failed to satisfy the demands of the theatre-goers last year. Next season will probably see as much of the play; and now we hear that Mascagni, the composer of "Cavalleria Rusticana," is going to write an opera with Sienkiewicz's novel as his libretto.

Identical almost with the inception of portraiture in England is Occleve's quaint likeness of Chaucer, whom the younger poet-limner knew well and dubbed his "maister dere and fader reverent." This portrait—which has been reproduced for the first time with its accompanying page by the *Magazine of Art*—is a marginal painting in colors



THE AUTHENTIC PORTRAIT OF CHAUCER

which Occleve introduced into his book entitled "De Regimine Principis," the MS. of which is in the British Museum. Commentators squabble as to whether the portrait was painted from life or from memory after the poet's death, but all agree that it is the best and most authoritative likeness of Chaucer extant. The figure is painted

against a background of green tapestry; the poet wears a colored dress and hood and a gray bi-forked beard. In his left hand he holds a string of beads, and from his vest hangs a "penner"; he points self-consciously to the text which describes the portrait.



Of nearly equal interest is another portrait of Chaucer entitled "Chaucer's Ymage," also from a copy of Occleve's poems. This is a full-length, possibly of later date, but certainly more crude in execution. The poet here looks garrulous; he carries his beads this time in the right hand and with the left gesticulates in semi-serious fashion. Particularly curious is the conformation—or deformation—of the feet, one set of toes pointing downward, the other turning skyward. Both the pictures are diverting side-lights not only on the poet himself but upon the art of his day. They are assuredly primitives.



Omar Khayyam is being dished out and served up to the reading public in every conceivable style. Now we are to have him served whole, with attractive trimmings. The Putnams are to publish in the fall a life of Omar Khayyam, by Professor Dennison Ross, of University College, London. It would be pleasant to learn that the devotion of modern disciples to the Persian poet had led to miraculous revelation of biographical material. We may be sure, however, that whatever Professor Ross has to say will prove of interest and value. There will be included in the same volume the FitzGerald text of the "Rubaiyat," and a commentary on the text by Mrs. Stephen Batson.

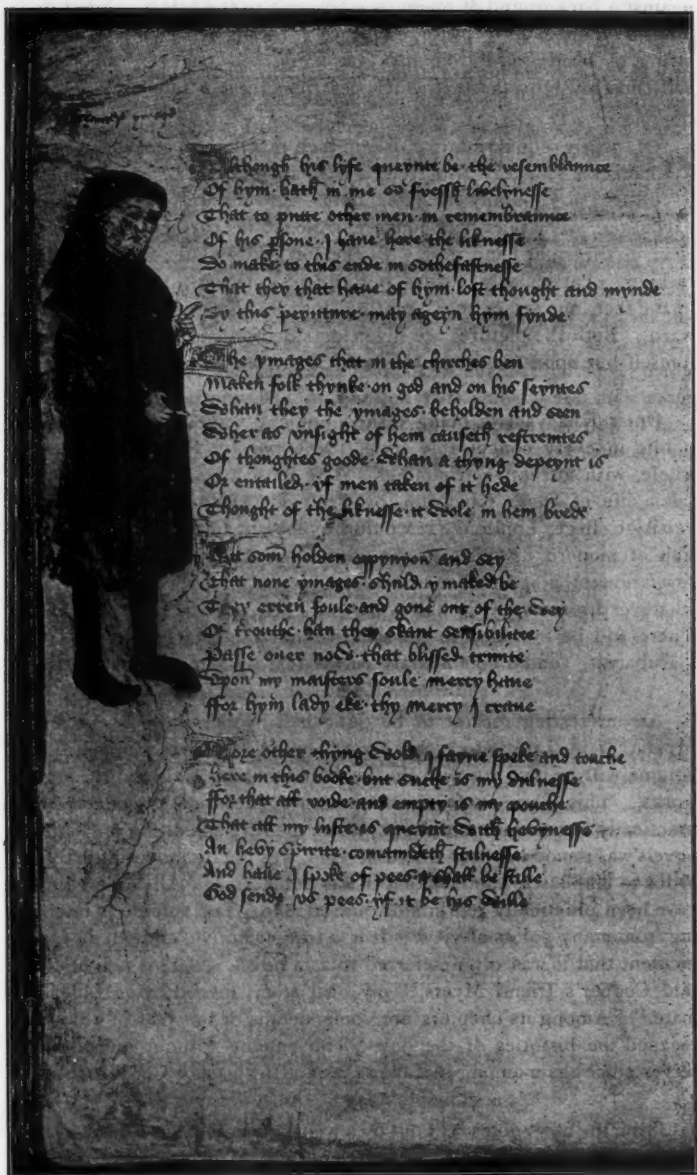


An interesting reprint to be published by the Putnams is "Ned Myers; or, A Life before the Mast," by J. Fenimore Cooper. The volume will be uniform with the Leather-Stocking Edition of Cooper's works. This story, so far as the present generation is concerned, is practically hitherto unpublished. When the revised edition of Cooper's novels was issued in 1859, "Ned Myers" was not included, probably in order to emphasize the fact that it was not fiction. All later editions have been practically reprints of that of 1859. The volume is interesting from many points of view. It is a true narrative, and yet so full of incident that it was often referred to as a novel. "This is literally," said Cooper's friend Myers, "my own story, logged by an old ship-mate." Among its chapters are some details of the War of 1812 that escaped the histories of the day. The volume without question deserves place again among its fellows, as not the least of Cooper's works.



From the news notes sent out by a well-known theatrical firm I learn that two trained camels have been engaged to play leading rôles in "Ben Hur," and that a talking parrot will have a conspicuous part in a new opera under the same management. With these new actors in the field the regular professionals will have to look to their laurels.





Although his life quene be the resemblance  
Of hym. hath in me so faste lockynesse  
That to prynces other men in remembrance  
Of his yfone. I haue here the likenesse  
So made to this ende in soch fastnesse  
That they that haue of hym lost thought and mynde  
By this perytur may agayn hym fynde.

The ymages that in the churches ben  
Maken folk thynke on god and on his serues  
Sohan they the ymages beholden and seen  
Esher as vnsight of hem causeth restreintes  
Of thoughtes goode. Esher a thyng depernt is  
Of entailed. if men taken of it hede  
A thought of the likenesse. it dole in hem buede.

But som holden oppynoon and say  
That none ymages shold y made be  
For euen soule and gone out of the day  
Or trouble hem they stant sensibillitee  
Passe ouer noon that blissed termite  
Upon my maystere soule mercy haue  
For hym lady eke thy mercy I reue.

Hope other thyng dole. I fayne speke and touche  
Here in this booke. but such is my dylnesse  
For that all voide and empty is my pouch  
That all my lustres gretur with dymnesse  
An hedy spirit. comitmeth fulnesse  
And haue I spede of pees. shall be stille  
God sende no pees. if it be his wille.

"CHAUCER'S YMAGE"

It has been so often said that poets are born and not made, that we have come to believe it true. I, however, am inclined to think that even those who are born are also made. But even in poetry there are two kinds of "made"—hand-made and machine-made. The late poet-laureate was hand-made—the present wearer of the laurel—but Mr. Archer says all that is necessary on this subject on another page of *THE CRITIC*. That a born poet, which Tennyson certainly was, worked hard at his task, is proved in a volume devoted to his early poems, edited by Mr. John Churton Collins. Mr. Collins has collated every edition of Tennyson recorded in the British Museum catalogue, besides which he has consulted every one likely to throw any light on the subject, so that the student of Tennyson can follow, step by step, the process by which he arrived at "that perfection of expression which is, perhaps, his most striking characteristic as a poet." I quite agree with Mr. Collins that nothing, indeed, can be more interesting than to note the touches, the substitutions of which have "measured the distance between mediocrity and excellence."



Take, for example, the alteration in the couplet in the "Dream of Fair Women":

One drew a sharp knife through my tender throat  
Slowly, and nothing more,

into

The bright death quiver'd at the victim's throat;  
Touch'd; and I knew no more.

Or, in the same poem:

What nights we had in Egypt! I could hit  
His humors while I cross'd him. O the life  
I led him, and the dalliance and the wit,

into

We drank the Libyan Sun to sleep, and lit  
Lamps which outburn'd Canopus. O my life  
In Egypt! O the dalliance and the wit,  
The flattery and the strife!

Or, in "Marianna in the South":

She moved her lips, she pray'd alone  
The praying, disarray'd and warm  
From slumber, deep her wavy form  
In the dark lustrous mirror shone,

into

Complaining, "Mother, give me grace  
To help me of my weary load,"  
And on the liquid mirror glow'd  
The clear perfection of her face.



Again, in "The Miller's Daughter," the old stanza reads:

How dear to me in youth, my love,  
Was everything about the mill;  
The black and silent pool above,  
The pool beneath it never still,

which was changed to

I loved the brimming wave that swam  
Through quiet meadows round the mill,  
The sleepy pool above the dam,  
The pool beneath it never still.

Here we have a complete change, and, as in every case, much for the better.



Mr. Collins gives in an appendix Tennyson's suppressed poems and others that were suppressed for a time and then revived. None of these absolutely bad, but none up to the poet's standard.



Mr. T. W. H. Crosland, who writes in complimentary terms of Mr. James Lane Allen in the *Outlook* (London), is not doing his share towards preserving the *entente*. In the course of his criticism he says:

"Meanwhile, on the other side of the water, the low, hustling, republican, gin-sling-drinking, dollar-grubbing, Tammany-ruled, forty-story-building side of the water, fictional matters, taken in the bulk, do not appear to be by any means so bad as they might be."

Mr. Crosland makes a mistake in this arraignment: the gin-sling is not our national tippie.



An English critic says that in "Nell Gwynn, Comedian," Mr. Frankfort Moore "can scarcely be said to have *got within the collar* of his subject." What must a critic of English say of the expression I have italicized? If not as "elegant," it is at least as slangy as the "—— Coffee: an Elegant Drinker," to which Mr. Taylor introduced THE CRITIC's readers, a few months since.



An ingenious article on that unhackneyed theme, the character of Hamlet, is printed in the *Yale Lit* for May over the signature of Wells S. Hastings, to whose apprehension the melancholy Prince reveals himself as first, last, and all the time, "the Seeker of Dramatic Situation." He avoids action, not from fear or indecision, but only that he may observe effect. This may not be a new theory, though I do not recollect having seen it stated before; but it has an air of freshness, and is conspicuously "up-to-date."

## The Whimsical "G. B. S."

NOTHING could better vindicate the unfailing whimsicality of "G. B. S." than the correspondence herewith published by kind permission of Messrs. Harper & Brothers.

Letter from G. Bernard Shaw, London, to Harper & Brothers, New York, November 10, 1899:

"Some years ago—it was in the eighties—you sent me 10 pounds in consideration of such moral claim as I could give you on a novel of mine entitled 'Cashel Byron's Profession,' which you had published. I now learn that Messrs. Brentano have published a new edition of it. The moral claim therefore appears to be worth nothing from the date of Messrs. Brentano's publication. In the meantime I have enjoyed the use of the 10 pounds, for which I am much obliged to you. I now return you the principal sum with my best thanks.

"I may say that I entirely disagree with the ideas of 20 years ago as to the 'piratical' nature of American republications of non-copyright books. Unlike most authors, I am enough of economist to know that unless an American publisher acquires copyright, he can no more make a profit at my expense than he can at Shakespeare's by republishing 'Hamlet.' The English, when taxed for the support of the author by a price which includes author's royalties whilst the American nation escapes that burden, may have a grievance against the American nation; but that is a very different matter from a grievance of the author against the American publisher."

Letter from Harper & Brothers, New York, to G. Bernard Shaw, London, November 24, 1899:

"Your letter of the 10th inst., with its enclosure, has reached us.

"In reply, we beg leave to assure you of our appreciation of the high motives which have prompted you to refund to us the 10 pounds which we sent you in 1887 as an acknowledgment for our having printed the story 'Cashel Byron's Profession' in our Handy Series. As you intimate in your letter, there was no right conveyed by our payment or by your acceptance. The payment in question was made by us simply as an acknowledgment or 'an *honorarium*.' We had the undisturbed market for the book for some years, and in view of all circumstances, we have such strong doubt as to the propriety of our accepting the cheque that we have concluded to hold it subject to your order—to be returned to you if you wish, or to be otherwise disposed of according to your instructions. We trust that you will not consider us ungracious in this course, or as not appreciative of your courtesy in the matter. We simply do not think that we have any right to the money.

"The peculiar circumstances attending the publication in this country of the works of foreign authors, in former days, were frequently the subject of misunderstanding, both by the authors themselves and by the public. As a rule, and until certain so-called Libraries began their career, the leading houses in the book trade respected the arrangements made by one another, and there existed what was known among responsible houses as 'trade-courtesy.' This reciprocal respect stood in place of copyright, and in most cases was quite effectual. The present system of copyright protection is, however, an improvement upon the former method.

"Again assuring you of our appreciation of the pleasant sentiments

in your letter, and expressing the hope that you may see your way to giving us an opportunity of considering some future work of yours, we are, dear sir,—"

G. Bernard Shaw to Harper & Brothers, January 10, 1900:

"I should have answered your letter of the 24th of November sooner. Forgive me: I habitually and incorrigibly succumb to the pressure of my correspondence.

"I hesitated to send you that 10 pounds because I knew it would be a most puzzling and inconvenient item for your bookkeeper. But, though you are good enough to say that you have no right to it, it is clear that I have no right to it, and indeed never had, though I have ingeniously excused myself from paying you interest on it on the ground that the 'moral right' it secured you was respected up to the date of Messrs. Brentano's reprint of 'Cashel Byron's Profession.' It seems to me that the principle involved is worth affirming by an English author in the only way which will convey any solid impression of his being in earnest; namely, when he stands to lose by it.

"On the other hand, as American publishers as a body have been repeatedly accused by Englishmen of letters of 'pirating' copyrights—an imaginary offence, as that which does not exist cannot be stolen,—it is well that they, too, should have a printed instance on record in which that view has been repudiated from this side of the Atlantic.

"It is on these public grounds that I ask you to accept my act of restitution, though I know that the amount is of no consequence to you, and the disposal of it a trouble, not to mention the ingratitude on my side, of seeming to attempt to cancel an act of generosity on your part which still leaves me under a willing obligation to you."

Harper & Brothers to G. Bernard Shaw, January 24, 1900:

"Your letter of January 10th has been received. We cannot accept it as the proper conclusion of a correspondence which has been as interesting as it is singular—the question as to principle never having been raised by such an instance as you have offered of generous action and right feeling. But you have ignored our element of value received by us—for which the original payment was made. You could not give us any exclusive right or protection in our publication of your book; but we had from you the first offer of the book and the sanction of your personal authorization for all that this meant at a time when the respectable publishers of this country were bound by what was known as 'the courtesy of the trade.' Our payment of £10 was, therefore, a just *honorarium* for value received; and it was only by the recognition of your right to the *honorarium* that we could consistently claim the benefit of the then generally conceded courtesy.

"Our acceptance of the money returned, as 'a restitution' of something to which you were not entitled would not be proper, and it would confound our traditions and would be a reflection upon the most honorable traditions of the American book trade.

"You will not, therefore, regard our final attitude in this matter as ungracious or as in any way belittling our sense of your kindness."

G. Bernard Shaw, to Harper & Brothers, February 10, 1900:

"I feel that I must not bother you any more about this 10 pounds. My calculation was that as I had the use of the money whilst my authorization of your edition remained effective, my repayment of the

principal sum when it lapsed by no means left you in the position of having given me nothing. However, I quite understand and respect your feeling in the matter; and I think the best course will be to hand the money over to some public fund (American, and not a charity) connected with literature—for instance, the trustees of a national museum or library, or some society like the Early English Text Society, which actually reprints books that are not commercially practicable.

"I will abide by your choice if you will be good enough to make one for me."

Harper & Brothers to G. Bernard Shaw, March 1, 1900:

"We beg leave to acknowledge receipt of your note of the 10th ulto., and in reply we would suggest that if it meets your view, we would hand over to the American Copyright League the cheque for 10 pounds which you send us in order to refund the amount which we originally paid you as an *honorarium* for the publication of 'Cashel Byron's Profession.' Kindly let us know if this will be agreeable to you, and believe us to be,——"

G. Bernard Shaw to Harper & Brothers, March 17, 1900:

"Yes; that meets my view exactly. Please hand over the 10 pounds to the American Copyright League as suggested in your letter dated the first March.

"With a last apology for the trouble I have given you, dear sirs,——"



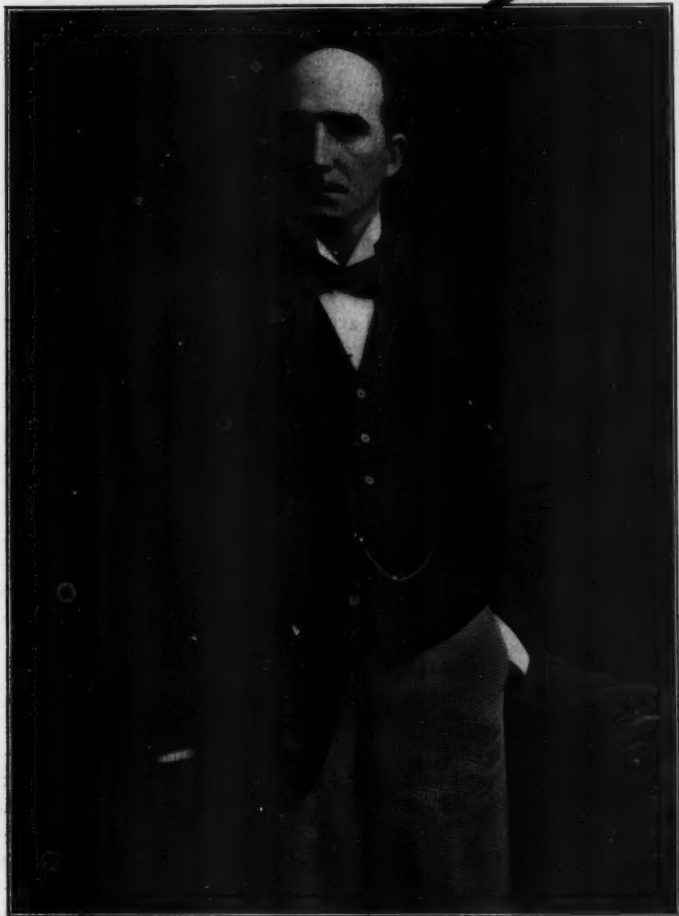
MR. BERNARD SHAW

On the Downs at Freshwater, Isle of Wight, writing "Caesar and Cleopatra"

## English Dramatists of To-Day

BY W. KINGSLEY TARPEY

ALIKE in popular favor and in critical estimation, Mr. Pinero stands foremost among living English dramatists. For close twenty years



MR. A. W. PINERO

he has been our most prolific and notable author; and during that time has essayed, with the exception of melodrama, plays of every class; while it may almost be said of him that "he has touched nothing that he has not adorned." After a few lesser experiments, and those in somewhat well-worn paths, he established his claim to strength and

originality by "The Money Spinner," produced under the favorable auspices of the Hare and Kendal management at the St. James's, with the advantage of a cast containing Mr. and Mrs. Kendal, Mr. Hare, Mr. Clayton, Mr. Macintosh, and Miss Kate Phillips. In the career of success thus inaugurated he has never really faltered, though of course he has had his failures. But his failures were only in the beginning of his day; and since the date of his brilliant series of successful farces at the Court Theatre he has produced no work that has not been awarded at least the respect of an adequate hearing, due to one established in public opinion as a master of his craft. For it is as a master of his craft, above all things else, that we think of Mr. Pinero. Others of our playwrights may be more keenly on the alert for the dramatic story, others (though I doubt it) may be more subtle delineators of character, others more profound thinkers; but not one has an equal mastery of stagecraft, or so nice a sense of the adaptation of dramatic means to dramatic ends. It cannot but be felt that in the drama Mr. Pinero has found his appropriate medium of expression; it may well be, his only medium. Facts favor the latter supposition; for with a restraint, equally rare and commendable in these days of multifarious and incongruous self-advertisement, he has devoted himself singly to the stage. His excursions into other paths have been few indeed; as a story writer, an essayist, a lecturer, he is all but unknown.

To make a complete survey of the varied field of Mr. Pinero's work were impossible, within these limits; enough if I indicate where, in my opinion, he has superlatively succeeded, where he has partially failed. If not his most distinguished, certainly his most distinguishing, achievement has been in the domain of farcical comedy. The famous Court farces mark, in their way, an era in the history of our stage. Mr. Pinero has rendered to English farce a service analogous to that rendered by Mr. Gilbert to comic opera; and, like Mr. Gilbert, he has as yet found no adequate competitor. The salient quality, I shall call it the salient merit, of these plays is that, full of incident, and genuinely amusing incident, as they are, their mainspring is character. The delights of a play that depends merely on its incidents are generally exhausted at one hearing; once we know the story, our interest is discounted. Plays that have character for basis may be lingered over, and listened to again and again with recurrent and enhanced enjoyment; while to the lover of good acting, repeated hearings cannot cause the fountain to run dry. Nay, the very recollection is a perennial joy; and many of us will still chuckle in remembrance over the playing of Mr. Clayton, Mr. Cecil, and Mrs. John Wood, and the delightful humors of the characters it was their good fortune to portray. A single method ran through these pieces, for the most part: the placing of a character, generally a dignified and serious character, in an incongruous and irrelevant situation, and the working out of the consequences with relentless logic. The magistrate is entrapped into breaches of the law that lead direct to his own court; the portly,



solemn, pompous dean is suddenly involved in horse-racing, and innocently mixed up with the practices of the lowest criminals of the turf; the cabinet minister of blameless, even humdrum, character finds himself guilty of selling the secrets of his cabinet. To take an absurd situation, and treat it seriously, is provocative of more genuine and



MRS. CRAIGIE (JOHN OLIVER HOBBS)

more enduring mirth than can be extracted from the absurd treatment of a serious situation. Nothing has ever more clearly demonstrated this truth than the plays of Mr. Pinero. And here, again, comes in an analogy to Mr. Gilbert, and his well-known topsy-turvydom; though the advantage lies with Mr. Pinero, in that his postulates are more easily granted, and never seem to outrage probability. So consummate is the



art, that at no point in these plays do we find ourselves able to say: "This is incredible. It could not possibly happen." With but slight difference, the tradition of this series was carried on in "The Times," produced by Mr. Terry, memorable for the playing of the actor-manager and Miss Fanny Brough, perhaps still more memorable for one unique comedy character it contained, played to the very summit of perfection by Mr. W. G. Elliot.

Besides these, Mr. Pinero, in his earlier days, wrote one or two adaptations from the French, some dramas that had just a flavor of French influence, comedies, farces, and eccentric plays difficult to classify. A special word must not be denied to the idyl of "Sweet Lavender," strung on the slender strand of one of the oldest stories in the world, enriched to overflowing with humor, pathos, and tender and loving studies of character. In all these works, certain merits stood out plainly: dialogue unprecedentedly witty and humorous, character-drawing clear and firm, and well-nigh perfect stagecraft. Of the merits of his dialogue it is difficult to speak too highly. To be so constantly humorous, yet so seldom, if ever, to write dialogue out of harmony with the character, is a talent given to few. As to character, I know no better draughtsman, nor any who can get his effects with fewer strokes of the brush. Stagecraft is the dramatist's technique; it is, essentially, a combination of the subtle dramatic instinct and the capacity to take infinite pains. Both the instinct and the pains-taking are Mr. Pinero's in a high degree.

In the year 1889 came a turning-point in Mr. Pinero's career. It was about that time that the work of Ibsen was brought to the notice of the English play-goer. It is dangerous to assign influences, to point to possible sources of inspiration and incentive, to indicate cause and effect, when nothing more than coincidence may have been at work. It may or may not have been that the example of Ibsen fired Mr. Pinero with the laudable ambition to enroll his name among playwrights of European reputation. Certain it is that whereas his earlier work had been, on the whole, the reverse of serious, and quite conspicuously marked by a leaving alone of all vexed moral and social questions, he now suddenly began to devote himself, with remarkable vigor, to the production of the "problem play." In a few years he produced "The Profligate," "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," and "The Benefit of the Doubt." Let it be said at once that these plays showed no falling off in the kind of excellence that had characterized his earlier work, and that, moreover, they gave evidence of a degree of strength hitherto unsuspected. Also, they were good acting plays; that they provided, for the actor, opportunities of the highest kind, Mr. Forbes Robertson, Miss Kate Rorke, Mrs. Patrick Campbell, and Miss Winifred Emery, among others, have abundantly proved to us. But when Mr. Pinero essayed to write plays such as these, dealing with the deepest problems of life, he challenged comparison not merely with the world of dramatists, but with the world of

thinkers. And it is in this respect that he must be held to have failed. He has been at the pains to deal with difficult problems, only to prove to us that he has but little light to throw upon them. His setting forth of the problem is in almost every case quite masterly; his solutions are



MR. H. V. ESMOND

in the last degree inadequate. In "The Profligate" (I take the version originally written, and afterwards chosen by him for publication), he declines to unravel the knot, he cuts it by the cheap expedient of suicide, and this, moreover, an accidental suicide, for had Mrs. Renshaw entered the room two minutes earlier the catastrophe would have been averted. Precisely similar is the ending of "The Second Mrs.

Tanqueray." In "The Notorious Mrs. Ebbsmith," the woman of socialistic and agnostic views, inherited and matured, incredibly turns her back upon the whole tenor and purpose of her life in a moment, at the bidding of a narrow-minded and particularly ill-bred curate.



MR. HENRY ARTHUR JONES

In "The Benefit of the Doubt," the tortured wife, who has been goaded to recklessness, whose every fibre is quivering with the intensity of her moral struggle, is bidden to find comfort in an assured social position, under guardianship of such respectability that, whatever people may be pleased to think, no tongue shall dare to wag. A pistol to the head, a phial of poison, Bible classes in a quiet English village, social rehabilitation under the ægis of a bishop and his wife—these are

all the answers Mr. Pinero has to make to the agonized cries of the beings he has created, the deep and intimate struggles of whose souls he has depicted for us with surpassing force and vividness.

"The Benefit of the Doubt" stands in a quite special position. I mean, the first two acts of the play; for so overweighted was the author by the task of solving the problem he himself had stated, that in the third act his hand shook, and, for once, even his stagecraft forsook him. The first two acts of this play, to my thinking, are Mr. Pinero's dramatic high-water mark. No element of excellence is wanting. Dialogue, character, stagecraft, intense and thrilling dramatic movement and situation, all are there to perfection. I venture to predict that this splendid fragment will stand out for many a year at once the admiration and the despair of the aspiring playwright.

After this period of storm and stress, Mr. Pinero seemed for a while to be resting on his oars, breathing gently, humming pretty, delicate, soothing airs such as "The Princess and the Butterfly," and "Trelawney of the Wells." Then came his latest work, "The Gay Lord Quex," the success of which was immediate and undeniable, and, to a certain extent, deserved. For this play is, in parts, perhaps more brilliant than anything he has previously done. Yet it has essential defects. The dramatist would seem to have expended all his stagecraft upon one scene of the play, all his power of characterization upon the drawing of a single character. These, indeed, are masterly; but one result of their outstanding excellence is to convey a sense of inequality, and lack of balance, in the work as a whole. In the case of Mr. Pinero, criticism must needs be fastidious, for he himself has taught us confidently to look to him for something only very little less than the best. The generation he has delighted and interested awaits his progress with no ordinary expectation. And for the future, I think it is safe to say that, to what extent soever ours may be adjudged to have been an imperfect and transitional era, no review of the English stage will ever be just or complete that shall not assign a share, and a very large share, of the contribution to its improvement to Arthur Wing Pinero.

Later on I shall consider the work of Mr. Henry Arthur Jones and other established dramatists. Meanwhile, a glance may be taken at some writers of newer reputation. Among those who have recently made good their claim to be heard are "John Oliver Hobbes" (Mrs. Craigie), and Mr. H. V. Esmond. The former achieved something of a popular success in "The Ambassador," which came near to being a genuine comedy, a class of play now said to be extinct in England. In construction, it showed the hand of the amateur, and it was chiefly in this respect that it failed of being pure comedy. In strange contrast with the ultra-modern tone of the play, the "machinery" was of an antiquated type, such as is now found, for the most part, only in conventional melodrama. Nor was the character-drawing altogether firm and clear. But the dialogue flowed with a pleasing smoothness;

if hardly convincing, it was at least interesting and amusing; and it had, what so many otherwise good plays have not, distinct literary quality. There is no reason why good drama should not also be literature; but the combination, in England at the present time, is somehow rare. "The Ambassador" made, at the least, a creditable attempt to achieve that combination. Mrs. Craigie has recently essayed the poetic drama, but inasmuch as her work in this class has not yet been tested on the stage, criticism of it would be premature. Mr. Esmond's work has varied so greatly, both in merit and in choice of subject, as to render it difficult to summarize. His "Grierson's Way," produced last year by the New Century Theatre, showed, in spite of some blemishes, distinct promise that this young author may one day "find himself" to some purpose. Indeed, if we leave out of count the poetic dramatists, Mr. Esmond may be said to be the only *young* author above the theatrical horizon at the present moment.

Mr. George Bernard Shaw's is undoubtedly the most brilliant all-round intellect of those at the present moment occupied in the production of plays for the English stage. He cannot be said to have joined the ranks of the regular playwrights; indeed, it is difficult to think of Mr. Shaw as in any sense a "regular," or as joining any ranks whatever. He can do a score of things, for aught I know he can do a hundred things, conspicuously well; by sheer force of brain and will power he can, at a moment's notice, invade the precincts of this or that branch of writing, and acquit himself more creditably than the average specialist. He cannot, I think, be said to be a dramatist by instinct or natural impulse. He is preacher and satirist, using the dramatic medium to drive his sermon and his satire home. Incidentally, no doubt, he often gives us very good drama indeed; but for the most part his characters are not engaged in living their own lives on the stage, but are doing duty as mouthpieces for the author, exponents of his views and his humor. His views are wide and deep, and keenly pierce the compromises of our social life; his humor, usually cynical and flippant, is rarely without a serious purpose underlying it. For all his apparent lightness, Mr. Shaw is essentially a moral force; and he possesses, what is so rarely conjoined with moral force, a cleverness that is amazing. He stands, successively, on every plane, often on more than one at a given time. No joke is beneath him, no moral concept is beyond him. And, once at least, he has transcended cleverness, and touched the borders of the fairyland of genius. In that strangely unequal collection of his plays recently issued to the world, there is one to which, I think, no lesser place than genius can be assigned. Who can say what will live, and what will not? Yet there is always the temptation to prophesy. I am tempted to say that there is in "Candida" a germ of immortality.

In order of merit among our dramatists, Mr. Henry Arthur Jones is an easy second. Indeed, if his sheer brain power and dramatic instinct had found free play, unimpeded by certain disqualifications of

temperament, it may be doubted whether he might not have been as easy a first. The disqualifications are sufficient to place him very clearly below Mr. Pinero, though they are not sufficient to affect his position ahead of all other competitors in the race. The personal note, occasionally a strong note, but never a firm, sustained, consistent note, is audible throughout all his work. It is difficult to succeed in forget-



MR. R. C. CARTON

ting, even for a short while, that the play one is listening to was written by Mr. Jones. This failing, the obtrusion of the artist's personality, is one that is capable of giving an added charm to certain kinds of literary work; it is a vice in the dramatic. Mr. Jones makes, I should judge, strenuous and conscientious efforts to overcome it, yet never so far succeeds in forgetting himself in his characters as to make that feat an easy one for his audience. When we consider this initial and essential disqualification under which he labors, the amount of good,



even powerful, work he has achieved seems almost marvellous. His range touches melodrama on the one side, light comedy on the other. But the melodramatic quality is seldom entirely absent. Those of his dramas that are not confessedly melodrama are more than tinged with it, and the flavor, to the sensitive palate, is perceptible even in his lightest work. This may be accounted for by the presence of a too conscious and direct intention to teach, which has the result of causing him to score his work, if I may borrow a simile from music, rather too heavily. But certain other motives, hardly so commendable, may fairly be conceived to be present too; and it is this consciousness, and mixture, of motive that will prevent Mr. Jones, in the opinion of the critical, from attaining the place among artists to which he presumably aspires. Unlike Mr. Pinero, he delivers himself apart from the drama, and is known to have ideas as to the moral function and educative power of dramatic art; and though those ideas may be sound, on which point it is unnecessary to express an opinion, his too constant obsession by them cannot, and in fact does not, fail to render his plays less worthy as plays, possibly even less effective in bringing about the educative result consciously aimed at. But it is immaterial to speculate as to whether Mr. Jones's plays would operate as the moral influence he may, on his own showing, be taken to intend them to be, were he to approach his task in the earnest spirit of Ibsen, or even a spirit as earnest as that of Mr. Pinero. As a matter of fact, he does not so approach it. Side by side with the obvious desire to be regarded as a teacher, is the equally obvious desire that his plays shall not fail of immediate popular favor,—of success, in fact, in the ordinary acceptance of the term. Hence arises, partly at least, it may be presumed, his leaning towards melodramatic effects, sometimes very crude, violent, loud in color. He seems to set himself the task of serving two masters, with the not unusual result that he often fails to please either of them perfectly. "The Middleman" is a good typical instance of this mixture of motives. By its very title, and its exposition, it seemed to claim to be a play dealing with the very complex and urgent problem of the relations of capital and labor. In the course of the piece, and particularly in the beginning of it, we listened to a great deal of talk on the subject; but when the time came for the dramatist to set his play in motion, capital and labor retired to the background, and the motive power turned out to be a very ancient and melodramatic story, and an appeal to the most facile and conventional sentiment. We were led to expect to see Labor arise and break its bonds in righteous fury, seize Capital by the throat, and cry "Pay what thou owest." Instead of this, we saw an infuriated father seeking vengeance for the seduction of his daughter by the rich man's son. Mr. Jones sprinkles his plays lavishly with discussion of the problems of the day, his pages are rich with the suggestion of advanced thought; but when he comes to action, we find the motive to be an old one, of the stage stagey, and, in theatrical parlance, "safe." His comedies have the same baffling quality



as his dramas, the same suggestion of a mixture of motives. He can be very amusing; and we should be very willing to be amused, were not the suspicion quite irresistible that he would resent the tribute of mere shallow mirth, and demand that we recognize, first of all, the serious



MR. HADDON CHAMBERS

moral purpose underlying his brilliant and sparkling dialogue. Take the case of "The Liars," which ran so long, and so deservedly, at the Criterion Theatre. Do what I will, I cannot get rid of the impression that Mr. Jones desires to be taken, in this play, as dealing very seriously with a social problem; it is borne in upon me with frequency in the course of the piece. But it is an impression that I am bound to resist to the utmost, for to yield to it would be to mar the enjoyment

of one of the most brilliant light comedies our stage has seen for many a day. Troubled with no moral, I can laugh consumedly. Here, then, is what Mr. Jones does: he sets out to discuss burning problems, he gives us stirring melodrama; he sets out to castigate the vices of society, he gives us plays altogether entertaining and clever, and not in the least serious. A stirring melodrama is a good thing, in its way; a brilliant comedy is an even better thing. We are delighted to have them; but why the intellectual and moral pose? I am quite aware that recently Mr. Jones has emphatically disclaimed, on behalf of the drama and himself, all educative function and intention. But he cannot, with a word, unsay the utterances of years. Nor is it possible, in a general review of his work, to ignore his assurance, in his earlier days so often repeated, that he would write no play that should not carry a direct moral lesson. As for his more recent work, it may be freely admitted that that very unpleasant farce, "The Manœuvres of Jane," which ran with great success for nearly a year at the Haymarket Theatre, was as innocent of moral purpose as the author, in his newly adopted attitude, could possibly desire it to be.

And yet, when all is said, the fact remains that Mr. Jones has done splendid work for the stage. He has very fine moments; no other of our dramatists can be so thrilling as he sometimes is, and, in comedy, none more amusing. In the devising of incident, he is often strikingly original. He seems to me to owe comparatively little to outside influences; of the influence of the French stage, paramount when he began to write plays, I detect hardly a trace. The work is undoubtedly that of a man of great natural power of brain. Could we have a Mr. Jones with less self-consciousness, less anxiety as to the immediate verdict, less desire for tangible success, we might expect that our stage would be the richer by a few genuine masterpieces.

Mr. Pinero and Mr. Jones stand out very prominently above their fellow dramatists, chiefly by virtue of the fact that they have a certain measure of originality and power, that their work bears the impress of some depth of thought, and the stamp of individuality. A noticeable interval separates them from other playwrights, whose dramatic impulse seems more derivative, who have been to a greater extent dependent on the lessons learnt from their predecessors, and the traditions of the English stage as they found it. Mr. Sydney Grundy holds the next place, in general estimation. But most of his work, and undoubtedly the most valuable part of it, has been in the field of adaptation. As a skilful translator and adapter, he is *facile princeps*. His original work has not been, on the whole, so successful as his adaptations. In story he is not conspicuously inventive, and in deftness of construction his plays leave something to be desired. His dialogue is strikingly good, even brilliant and epigrammatic; one rarely comes away from a play of his without carrying some good sayings, verbatim, in the memory. Occasionally the brilliance seems unnaturally forced, and a little out of tune with the character; in fact, his good things sometimes give one

the impression of having been previously stored up for future use. But one may always confidently reckon that, whatever weaknesses and faults Mr. Grundy's work may be chargeable with, no play of his, nor any play adapted by him, will ever be pronounced dull.



MR. LOUIS N. PARKER

Mr. R. C. Carton has been much in evidence for the last half dozen years or so. His prominent characteristics are a tender, slight, and somewhat old-fashioned vein of sentiment and a very pleasing humor, which he often blends with good, if not convincing, effect. More nearly than any other dramatist of this generation, he resembles the late T. W. Robertson. Strength is lacking; and when he attempts

drama, he grows particularly unreal. His "Tree of Knowledge" was a perfect gallery of unrealities—characters of unrelieved and incredible wickedness on the one hand, and characters of equally incredible and undiluted goodness on the other; beings that never existed save in stageland, and have happily almost ceased to exist there; while the motives actuating these beings were such as could be accepted only by dint of the largest tolerance for the most ancient stage conventions, and a kindly shutting of the eyes to things as they are. In his lighter vein he is at his best; his stories are of the "good fairy" order, as a rule; and we readily consent to be beguiled by his gentle pathos, and brightened by his very genuine humor. One play, "Lord and Lady Algy," stands out prominently as his best. It is far more lifelike and convincing than any other work of his, and, though the setting is light, and the characters are avowedly frivolous, there is more than a touch of human nature in it, while a genuine note of pathos is struck with consummate delicacy and restraint. The piece, happily, received at the hands of the performers, notably Mr. Hawtrey and Mrs. Carton, that perfection of interpretation which it had so well deserved.

Mr. Haddon Chambers was the author of a somewhat new departure in melodrama. His plays began, before the rising of the curtain, in Australia or America, in the bush or on a cattle ranch, and ran their visible course entirely in London drawing-rooms. Naturally, to bring the participants together from the ends of the earth, "the long arm of coincidence" (the author's own phrase, I believe) was freely employed. The improbability granted, we willingly found ourselves amid scenes of considerable dramatic strength. Of this Mr. Chambers has consistently given evidence. In "The Tyranny of Tears," produced by Mr. Wyndham, he broke, for him, new ground. It was claimed for the play that it was psychological, but that is perhaps too pretentious a word to use in the connection. It was, at least, a study in temperament, if a somewhat superficial study. But it was an eminently entertaining work, full of bright comedy, and the acting of it left nothing to be desired.

Mr. Louis N. Parker is the most recent addition to the list of those who may be said to have found a secure footing in the ranks of our dramatists. His work has been immensely varied in character, and always interesting. As an adapter he has shown considerable skill. His ambition may be gauged by the fact that he has essayed the poetic drama, that most difficult of plants to rear in our English climate of to-day. But he may fairly be said to suffer from haste and overproduction. Only a very great genius can "throw off" a poetic drama; and there is more than a suspicion that Mr. Parker has attempted such a *tour de force*. Fluency and width of range are desirable qualities no doubt; but they may be purchased too dearly. The impression is strongly given that Mr. Parker has yet to do himself justice.

It seems strange that the writers here named, with Mr. Pinero,

should exhaust the catalogue of our "regular" playwrights. Yet such is the fact. True, I have omitted mention of some liberal providers of stock melodrama, and of farces that deprecate criticism. New blood is wanted, undoubtedly; the "regulars" are over-worked, and their work suffers in consequence. But the conditions of our stage are not such as to make the discovery of new dramatists, even if any such are awaiting discovery, a matter of absolute certainty. An attempt has of late years been made to recruit the drama from the ranks of popular novelists. It need not be a matter of surprise to any student of the theatre that the experiment has not been productive of notable artistic gain to the drama.

## Representative American Women Illustrators:

### The Character Workers—II

BY REGINA ARMSTRONG



MARY HALLOCK FOOTE is almost the first name that occurs to one when women are mentioned in connection with illustration. In recent years, through Mrs. Foote's coincident fame as a writer, and through the larger representation of Mrs. Alice Barber Stephens in various publications, prestige has been shared with the latter artist; still in point of priority, Mrs. Foote may truthfully be called the dean of women illustrators.

But she somehow stands apart. Mrs. Stephens, through the influence of her own career, has opened a vocation for the many successful women illustrators who to-day are dividing with men the field of pictorial art; Mrs. Foote's talent has been more individual; she has occupied a field to herself, perhaps because of the distinct types which interpret her own text, depicting a remote environment, and her art has thus been preserved from imitators and has held its own. Removed from the stress of commercialism through her residence in the West, she has not done so much work, taking into account the number of years she has been familiar to the reading public, but she has thereby escaped the rut and strain of overwork and has kept her perception fresh and spontaneous; she has made every individual drawing count. Her "hits" have been almost consecutive. And to most of us she has been such a real personality through the human sensitiveness she invokes that the feeling regarding her is as much an attachment as an admiration. She links the poetic and the actual in a manner which makes them inseparable. This indefinable quality is peculiarly hers, and is admired as much by artists as by laymen. Not so very many years ago a well-known sculptor went into the studio of Mr. E. A. Abbey, who was carefully working on a drawing that was apparently finished. "Better let that alone, Abbey," said the sculptor, "you can't get anything else into that. What are you trying to do,

anyway?" And Mr. Abbey replied: "I'm trying to get the feeling that Mary Hallock Foote puts into her work—and I can't!"

Mrs. Foote says that she cannot remember the time when she did not try to draw, beginning with a pen when she could get one, and using walls and furniture as a medium. That was in the days when



PORTRAIT SKETCH OF MARY HALLOCK FOOTE

By her daughter, Elizabeth Foote

she was a child in her father's home at Milton-on-the-Hudson, where the Hallocks had resided for many generations. They were of English Quaker stock, as were also her mother's family, the Burlings; but while keeping the traditions and sentiments of typical "Friends," her parents had passed out from the stricter forms. It is interesting to trace this quaint restraint in Mrs. Foote's art development, the temperament that is vivid and vigorous in perception, and yet is projected with so much delicacy and something akin to repression.



Mrs. Foote was educated at a private school which her father and a few neighbors supported while their children were young; later, she attended a school with the somewhat burdensome title of the Poughkeepsie Female Collegiate Seminary. It was at this school that she took her first drawing-lessons, her instructor being Miss Margaret Gordon. Her next art venture was at the Cooper Institute School of Design for Women, where she came under the influence of Dr. Rimmer, and successively of W. J. Linton and of Mr. Whitney, the latter an engraver to whom she used to take her blocks. She was then a girl in her teens.



THE JACOBITE SONG: "WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?"

Drawing by Mary Hallock Foote  
(Permission of Miss Alice Burt)

For early opportunities to publish, Mrs. Foote says that she is never tired of naming the kindness of the *Century* editors then connected with Scribners under Dr. Holland, and having on the staff Mr. Richard Watson Gilder and Mr. Drake, now editor and art editor, respectively, of the same publication in its independent form. It is to the *Century*, also, that her introduction as a writer came about, Mr. Gilder insisting that one who conversed so well could also write. The exigency of trial came through some Mexican drawings which Mrs. Foote submitted, and for which she was urged to write the text. Since then she has been a writer, and her art has been incidental. Mr. V. S. Anthony gave her her first order for a "gift book," and insisted that she could do it, an opinion that the young and timid artist did not share. But it was a success, and several of the same character followed.

Almost at the beginning of her career she was married to Mr. Arthur De Wint Foote, of Connecticut, who had gone West as a mining engineer, and to which far section of the country she followed her young husband. From the letters and sketches she sent home, her



RODRIGUEZ HOUSE

Pencil drawing by Mary Hallock Foote

first volume, "A California Mining Town," was compiled. These new surroundings were frequently changed to the different "stations" which engaged her husband's profession. As far as local color goes, the novels and stories are truthful pictures of places she has called home, but as stories they are pure invention, and her characters are never consciously drawn from life. The writing, she says, seems to

have "grown from my aborted art, as I found the West and its absorbing material too much for my pencil"; perhaps it was rather because it was enough for both her pen and pencil and her awakened resources. She had difficulty in procuring models, she was not always



PORTRAIT HEADS BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE

in houses which she could use as studios, and the facility of writing fitted more happily to her conditions. To write required but a pad of paper and a pen, and the stories could be dreamed out while lying awake or pacing piazzas or taking lonely tramps over the country. As an autobiography of her early experiences in the West, "The Little Fig-Tree Stories," published this past year by Houghton, Mifflin &

Company, transcribe Mrs. Foote's life in a simple and sketchy way. They include three articles describing a series of Mexican journeys, and they were first published in the *Century Magazine* some years ago. Their titles suggest their character: "A Diligence Journey in Mexico," "Sketches from a California Mining Camp," and "The Fig Tree." The latter story gives her early home environments and the annals of her life in the mining West where she followed her husband.

Of the drawings which Mrs. Foote has kindly lent for this article, the one called "The Jacobite Song" was done some years ago, and has been in the possession of the family of the late Charles H. Burt. A noted engraver of his day, he was employed by the government to



DRAWING BY MARY HALLOCK FOOTE

engrave bank-note vignettes, and he was considered an expert in his art. During his last days he requested Mrs. Foote, who was a girlhood friend of his daughters, to make him a design which he proposed to render in his best manner on a large plate and which was to be published and sold by a print-shop. He used to deplore the fact that the wood engravers spoiled the faces in Mrs. Foote's drawings. So "The Jacobite Song" was sent. It is treated in what she calls her early romantic manner, and is a specimen of her enthusiasm for that line. "The Jacobite Song" reached Mr. Burt when his health was much broken; his daughters relate that he used to look at it and tell them how he would treat it in the engraving. But while he was contemplating and postponing the time when he should begin the plate,—which his bodily ailment made it hard to undertake,—he lost the power to work. In mentioning the existence of this drawing, Mrs. Foote refers to Mr. Burt as "the distinguished steel engraver who was a warm friend and a sincere critic of my early work; a lovely man, stern and sweet as a Scotchman and a real artist can be." The character of

Dusmuir in "Chosen Valley" she says she owes to Mr. Burt, although as a completed character it was a composite of reflected personalities. The association between artist and engraver was mutually sympathetic; the daughter of Mr. Burt says that her father used to look at the drawing and exclaim: "Mary is a talented lass!"



THE LITTLE SEAMSTRESS  
Drawing by Genevieve A. Cowles

Mrs. Foote's home influence and inheritance of birth laid the foundation for her art tendencies; her people were earnest thinkers and constant, ardent readers; her grandfather Burling was a real student of history and her father was a passionate lover of poetry. The library at home was her only source of reading matter. Her first knowledge of Scott, Burns, Pope, Cowper, and, later, of the Boston group, came from family readings aloud, her father reading to the circle around the lamp. The old "Friends" were mystics and did many unworldly

things in obedience to the spirit; made sacrifices of personal success, went out of business in middle life to give a larger chance to the younger men; in short, were, at their best, idealists in the strictest sense of the word. All this and steadfast, truth-seeking, and truth-telling qualities were the birthright of Mary Hallock Foote. Her mother is described as having "the unconscious loveliness of that

typical New York gentlewoman of the Quaker breed, English, not Dutch; not a society woman in the least,—all that would be impossible to a descendant of 'Friends,' but an exquisite gentlewoman unspotted from the world."

Mrs. Foote's present residence is in Bret Harte country, in the midst of a group of mines over which her husband is resident manager. These mines are known as "The Hague Group," and were the result of years of research and examination. It is said to be an immense proposition on the South African plan, involving the expenditure of millions, and the expectation of profits to match. In this remote and important situation the family of Mr. Foote is often alone for weeks, but at any hour is liable to be called upon to receive the stranger and the pilgrim. In this way, interesting people from all parts of the world stop on their way, and lend their little quota of amusement and interest as a break in the isolation. Mrs. Foote has a young daughter who promises to be an artist of inherited qualities; the portrait sketch of her mother on page 132 was done by Miss Elizabeth Foote.

What Mrs. Foote is doing for the far West is being done by a quartette of talented sisters who are working on the same lines in the extreme East. The types and characters we meet in the pages of Hawthorne and of late in the books of Miss Wilkins, seem to have been preserved for the pencil of the Misses Cowles in their sequestered little village of Farmington. Their love for this place is so strong, and their family has been identified with its history for so many generations, that the atmosphere of the place seems inseparable from them and from their work. If one would rightly feel the tenderness and the sternness of the work these young girls have presented to the public in the past few years, he should visit Farmington, should go through one of those



FLOWER STUDY BY  
MILDRED COWLES

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old houses with their straight-lined mahogany furniture, prim door facings, and simple stateliness of mantel and porch, and he would feel a kinship with "The House of the Seven Gables," or understand how Miss Wilkins's Parson Lord could love his little daughter so tenderly and so cruelly. And it was "The House of the Seven Gables," lying so near their hands, that has brought the most recognition to the Misses Cowles as draughtsmen. This success had been antedated in a charming series of "Old Gardens" published in *Scribner's Magazine* some time before, but it was less permanent than the book form of the later drawings.



STUDY OF HEAD BY MAUDE COWLES

The two elder girls, Genevieve and Maude, are twins, and it is they who have met substantial recognition, their younger sisters, Edith and Mildred, making so far no independent efforts, but rounding out with initial letters and simpler designs the large commissions of their better established sisters. While their tendencies are similar, and their work almost interchangeable in its assignment, the two younger girls have shown a lightness and humor distinct from the more serious efforts of the older sisters. The pastoral sympathy and grace, the love and understanding of woodland things and their subtle relation to human beings, are discernible in all their work; the humanness of life, the pathos and the tread of wayfaring folk being also shared by all. If there be an appreciable divergence, it is in the feeling that the younger girls stand nearer to the world and to a more realistic view of it.

When Genevieve and Maude Cowles were in their ninth year, the family went to Europe on a leisurely trip through France, Germany,

Belgium, Switzerland, and Italy, and in the galleries in these places they "learned to love the old masters like close kinsfolk," as one of them wrote. Even in childhood their liking for the spiritual defined itself in their preference for Raphael, Fra Angelico, Filippo Lippi, Perugino, and Botticelli. After their return from Europe, they took lessons from the art teacher in Miss Porter's school in Farmington, were subsequently under the instruction of Professor Nidmeyer of the Yale Art



ORCHARD VISTAS  
Drawn by Genevieve A. Cowles

School for two years, and studied one winter at the Cowles Art School in Boston. But during the lapses of this training they had the instruction from their governesses, who were well equipped in art and the languages. Their home environment was both literary and artistic, their mother, a refined gentlewoman of Virginia, being the author of "Red Bank," a Southern story, and their father is a writer on economic and philanthropic questions of the day. Reverses in the family fortunes a few years since suggested the application of their art to practical purposes, and they offered their drawings as illustrations. *McClure's Magazine* took their first work, and that periodical has kept them in frequent representation ever since in illustrations for stories, poems, and cover designs. The Scribners gave them an order for the series, "The Old-Time Flower Gardens," a class of work which singularly appealed to them, for there are many old gardens in Farmington

running riot with decayed and picturesque loveliness. "The Old Gardens" opened the doors of nearly every magazine to the young artists and many commissions followed.

When the order came from Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for the illustrations for "The House of the Seven Gables," the two younger sisters, Edith and Mildred, were given the initials and tail-pieces to do, and they performed the same services for "My Study Fire," by Hamilton Mabie, issued in new form last winter by Dodd, Mead & Co. A drawing by Miss Maude Cowles, owned by *McClure's*, was selected for the Paris Exposition by the jury. It is a water-color, "The Old Woman on the Bridge." The Misses Cowles search the country over for models, always endeavoring to find living people to correspond to the characters they wish to interpret. They think nothing of going miles over the country and working in the houses where the people are engaged in their household or other duties. They take pains to obtain accuracy in accessories, striving to make the picture complete and faithful in every respect. The Misses Cowles are looking forward to working in color and especially toward painting frescos. One of their most recent orders is for some stained-glass windows in a Brooklyn church. A color design by Miss Maude Cowles will be one of the attractive cover-features for *Harper's Bazar* next winter.

The art of Mary Hallock Foote possesses that intrinsic quality that we would least part with; its intimacy is appealing, and it has strength and vigor. Pastoral, elemental, with the earth-feeling throbbing through it, but essentially poetic and spiritual, it is more the psychic expression of force and delicacy. In her Western types, it is roughness revered until it shows the divine in everything and the poetic uplifting of common things. Partaking of the same qualities that Mary Hallock Foote has made admirable, the Misses Cowles are giving us the grace and vanishing quaintness of old New-England life. With the faithful transcriptions of place and of humanity typifying it, the pictorial history of our country is a well-spring of interest and loveliness. And these, the interpreters of beauty and of soul, have the enduring task.

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## Kinship

BY DOROTHEA MOORE

I LOVE the new, I love the old —  
Everyday grass, seas strange and cold ;  
Soft little hills, curved rimmed and fine,  
Fruits of the levels, barley and vine.

With friends away, and self so near  
How sane and sweet the outer clear —  
O world of earth and sky and cloud,  
Sign me thy child-beloved, allowed !

## The Gospel of Hemp

BY JOSEPH B. GILDER

THE hero of this story is the impoverished descendant of a Kentucky pioneer, who dedicated a part of his large estate to the establishment in the wilderness of a church in which any form of religion might be preached, any congregation might freely worship. At twenty David goes to the newly established university at Lexington to study for the ministry. The jarring sects of 1867-68 unsettle his ancient faith by their criminations and recriminations; and a course of reading in "the great Darwin" and others of his school completes the overthrow. Like his great-grandfather of old, whose religious views were broader than his neighbors', he is read out of the church, and goes home in disgrace. His narrow-minded, God-fearing parents, who have let their little farm suffer to supply the son's modest needs, can guess no excuse for his backsliding, and can barely tolerate his presence, though it saves them the wages of a hired man. To their apprehension he is a returned but impenitent prodigal.

The heroine, Gabriella, is the neighborhood school-teacher, whose life of luxurious ease ended with the Civil War, and who has alienated herself from her class by becoming a wage-earner. Earnestly devout, and scarcely sympathizing with David in his spiritual struggles, she recognizes the mental and moral greatness of the youth of one-and-twenty, nurses him through an illness, and goes off with him, as his wife, when he decides to study physical science and become a professor.

The story could be told in its entirety within the space of twenty-five thousand words. Mr. Allen's narrative runs to something less than three times that length. Had the object in writing it been merely to tell a story, merely to entertain, it would have been told in less than half as many words. But the real object—almost the sole object—has been to instruct and edify. "Our poor brief lives are led upward out of the earth for a season, then cut down, rotted, and broken,—for Thy long service." In the same way, hemp grows up out of the soil, is cut down, rotted, and broken, before becoming a commercial commodity. The analogy has impressed Mr. Allen powerfully, for he is a Kentuckian, and hemp was Kentucky's chief product in former times. Therefore the first chapter of "The Reign of Law"\* is an elaborate description of the growth, the reaping, and the breaking of hemp. The second tells of the founding of a free church by David's ancestor. With the third begins the story of David himself,—a painful story, in which the author is concerned only to show the steps by which a strictly orthodox lad became a disbeliever in the Christian religion.

The story, such as it is, is more than half told when the author apparently realizes that it will be incomplete without a young woman. Hence a young woman is sprung upon the reader with scarcely a moment's warning. She has never been mentioned, her existence is

\* "The Reign of Law: A Tale of the Kentucky Hemp Fields." By James Lane Allen. The Macmillan Co.

wholly unsuspected, one has heard of nothing but David's studies, struggles, and return to an unwelcoming home, when the love element is suddenly introduced. The young student has worked all day, and is nodding over his Darwin at night. "And now, floating to him through that mist in his brain, as softly as a nearing melody, as radiantly as dawning light, came the image of Gabriella: after David had pursued Knowledge awhile he was ready for Love. But knowledge, truth, wisdom, before every other earthly passion—that was the very soul of him. . . . She was the only being he had ever known who seemed to him worthy of a place in the company of his great books."

Now a man of this type may make a good subject for a psychological study, but he is not a very engaging hero of romance. David calls upon Gabriella, on a cold winter night, and facing her across the hearth, tells her, to the extent of ten or twelve printed pages, how he came to lose his faith, reviewing, as he goes along, the works of the evolutionists which have been chiefly instrumental in his intellectual awakening. "In the nineteenth century alone," he inquires, rhetorically, "how many systems of theology have there been? In the Protestantism of the United States, how many are there to-day? Think of the names they bear—older and newer! According to founders and places, and sources, and contents, and methods." And he proceeds to enumerate them: "Arminian—Augustinian—Calvinistic," and two-and-twenty others. Unhappily for the reader—assuming him to be a novel-reader, and not a theological student—Gabriella apparently possesses an infinite capacity for being bored, and when her suitor asks, "Does this tire you?" she makes the only gesture of displeasure he had ever seen. No wonder he goes on!

On the day of this call, "it was late when David finished his work," for he had stopped to apostrophize the animals in the barn: "The argument that Man's whole physical constitution—structure and function—shows that he was intended to live on beef and mutton, is no better than the argument that the tiger," etc., etc. A dog kills a sheep at night, and David, hearing the commotion, rushes out into the freezing air, and soliloquizes over the dead body, first dragging it out of the barn and "kicking it two or three times." "Did it make any difference to you whether your life was taken by dog or man? The dog killing you from instinct and famine; a man killing you as a luxury, and with a fine calculation? And who is to blame now for your death, if blame there be? . . . Poor questions, that never troubled you, poor sheep! But that follow, as his shadow, pondering Man, who no more knows the reason of it all than you did." The result of this soliloquy is pneumonia; for, as David explains to Gabriella when she comes to nurse him, he had a cold at the time. "I had taken something to throw me into a sweat. . . . I was in a perspiration." It was this illness that made their engagement and marriage possible, for the nearest approach to a declaration David had been able to make consisted of a monologue on "Man's place in Nature. Have you ever



thought about that?" in the course of which he got so far as to say—"mournfully": "Sometimes it's harder for a man to get the only thing in the world that was ever made for him than anything else! This difficulty, however, appertains exclusively to the human species."

It would be hard to conceive of anything less dramatic than this style of narrative. The hero is an automaton, with the colossal figure and mental force of a Lincoln and the leonine head of a Beethoven; and he is not made human by an accumulation of details as to how he broke hemp, or stood in the smoke-house "beside the meat-bench, scraping the salt-petre off a large middling, and rubbing it with red pepper." Gabriella is a little more real, though only real by comparison with the abstraction known as David.

The book gives a very satisfactory account of the mental processes which turned David, and have turned many another youth, from an orthodox believer into a scientific doubter. It contains, furthermore, some excellent bits of observation and description—rather too many of them, perhaps, and some of them a little overwrought. There are a few—a very few—touches of humor. But the story is long drawn out; the writer is obviously burdened by his in no wise novel message; and the attempt to relate the hero, and to a slighter extent the heroine also, with the past of the race, is too formal and persistent to be artistic, though it is eminently successful in the account of David's trial for heresy:

"In how many other places has that scene been enacted, before what other audiences of the accusing and the accused, under what laws of trial, with what degrees and rigors of judgment! Behind David, sitting solitary there in the flesh, the imagination beheld a throng so countless as to have been summoned and controlled by the deep arraigning eye of Dante alone. Unawares, he stood at the head of an invisible host, which stretched backward through time till it could be traced no farther. Witnesses all to that sublime, indispensable part of man which is his Doubt—Doubt respecting his origin, his meaning, his Maker, and his destiny. That perpetual half-night of his planet-mind—that shadowed side of his orbit-life—forever attracted and held in place by the force of Deity, but destined never to receive its light. Yet from that chill, bleak side what things have not reached round and caught the sun! And as of the earth's plants, some grow best and are sweetest in darkness, what strange blossoms of faith open and are fragrant in that eternal umbra! Sacred, sacred Doubt of Man."

"The Reign of Law" is a very much wholesomer story than "The Choir Invisible"; and it will probably not disappoint the large audience the latter work has made for its author, largely because it is pervaded by the same note of sentimentality that resounds throughout that enormously successful romance. For our own part we wish Mr. Allen would rededicate his rare talents to the production of books in his earlier manner—books that one can enjoy and praise without misgiving or qualification—little masterpieces like "A Kentucky Cardinal."



## Quousque Tandem?

BY WILLIAM ARCHER

THE Home Secretary has assured us that the Examiner of Plays has been "rebuked" for an indiscreet utterance in the newspapers; whence it appears that the officers of her Majesty's Household are not absolutely irresponsible, but can be called to order when occasion demands. Is it not time, then, that some one should gently but firmly remonstrate with Mr. Alfred Austin, author of "Mafeking" and other verses, whose indiscreet utterances in the newspapers are becoming a national scandal? I have an uneasy sense of cowardice in adverting to this matter. It is poor sport, certainly, to attack a friendless and defenceless man, who is only too assiduously doing his best in that station of life to which malicious Fate and a cynical Prime Minister have called him. But it is in no sportive humor that I approach the subject. If ridicule and parody, if jibes and jeers, could bring home to Mr. Austin the pathetic absurdity of his position, he would long ago have learnt to minimize it by a resolute silence. Fortunately for himself, unfortunately for his country, a sense of humor has been denied him. Praised by none, derided by all, he pipes on imperturbable. It is this very doggedness, in itself sublime, which makes the nation ridiculous. Wherefore I ask: How long are we fated to grin and bear it?

### The Laureateship

The Laureateship, it may be said, is not a national institution, and the nation need not hold itself responsible for the vagaries of a Court rhymester. This argument may have consoled the lovers of English song in the days of Cibber, Whitehead, and Pye, when the office had lapsed into absolute insignificance. Perhaps it might have been wiser to leave it in that condition, if not to abolish it altogether. But this is a barren "might have been." The appointment of Southey, a man of real mark, if not a great singer, restored the office to credit. When Southey died it was conferred on William Wordsworth, not (say) on Robert Montgomery; and from Wordsworth it passed, not to Tupper, but to Tennyson. The unique combination in Tennyson of merit with popularity made the Laureateship a national institution. We came to regard it as fitting that a race which had given birth to so many great poets should crown a master poet, and should claim as in some sort a national utterance his singing of national joys and sorrows. We knew, of course, that we could not expect an unbroken succession of Tennysons; but if at any time it happened that there was no poet on whom the laurel could be conferred by acclamation, it was always possible to leave it for a season unassigned. This was the course which Mr. Gladstone wisely chose. The one poet on whom, in respect of his pre-eminent genius, the wreath ought manifestly to have devolved, could scarcely have accepted it at Mr. Gladstone's hands: so Mr. Gladstone,

and after him Lord Rosebery, preferred an interregnum to a makeshift appointment. One would have imagined that their abstinence from making a merely political selection would have imposed a point of honor upon Lord Salisbury. Not so. He flouted the glorious tradition of half a century, and, in the lifetime of Algernon Charles Swinburne, conferred the laurel of Wordsworth and Tennyson on Mr. Alfred Austin! Lord Rosebery, it is true, had knighted the Bard of Penbryn; but that was a pardonable stroke of humor. Lord Salisbury's contemptuous cynicism paltered with a sacred trust.

A cry of consternation went up from all who knew the meaning of the word poetry. But we did not realize at first the full extent of the disaster. We knew Mr. Austin as the author of some laboriously commonplace philosophical verse-books, and of a number of fluently undistinguished lyrics, in some measure redeemed by the genuine love of nature,—of English gardens and hedgerows and lanes and songful copses,—which spoke in them. We knew that he was hopelessly deficient in that fundamental gift of the poet—style. We did not know, and could not guess, that he would prove to be still more deficient in that essential quality of the Laureate—tact. His want of style humiliates us in our own eyes; his want of tact degrades us in the eyes of the world.

#### Mr. Austin's Style

First, as to style. Let us examine—not "Mafeking," the solecisms of which, such as the rhyming of "Cecil" with "wrestle," Mr. Austin might (unfairly) justify as imitations of the racy ruggedness of Drayton's "Agincourt"; not "Jameson's Ride," whereof he might (fairly enough) allege that in treating such a subject he could have chosen no fitter model than the patriotic lyrics of Mr. Clement Scott—but the set of couplets which appeared in the *Times* of November 2, 1899, under the title of "Inflexible as Fate." Here was a poem which clearly aimed at classic dignity and polish of style. Let us see if it hit the mark:

When for a passing hour Rome's manly sway  
Felt the sharp shock of Cannæ's adverse day,  
Forum and field and Senate-House were rent  
With cries of nor misgivings nor lament,  
Only of men contending then who should  
Purchase the spot on which the Victor stood.  
Legion on legion sprang up from the ground,  
Gleamed through the land, then over ocean wound,  
Till Scipio's eagles swarmed on Afric's shore,  
And Carthage perished, to insult no more.

It would be hard to compress into ten lines more faults of style than are here assembled. First we have the feeble padding of "manly sway"; the monotonous effect of two lines ending with an identical cadence, "manly sway—adverse day"; and the Gilbertian alliteration of "sharp shock." Then in the next four lines we find that

unfailing symptom of weakness, a patently inaccurate statement, in which the writer says, not what he means, but what his verse compels him to say. Livy relates that the spot on which Hannibal was encamped "happened to be bought" in Rome while yet he held it. Livy does not relate, nor does Mr. Austin himself believe, any such absurdity as that people ran about "Forum and field and Senate-House" clamorously "contending" who should purchase it. Yet if language has any meaning this is what Mr. Austin says. Why? Because he is the servant, not the master, of his rhymes. Mark, again, the slipshod misapplication of a stereotyped image in the third line. Cries, we all know, "rend the air," but how can they be said to rend Forum and field and Senate-House? The seventh line halts in metre, and the eighth in idea. What writer who gives a thought to the meaning of his words could say of the Roman legions passing into Africa that they "over ocean wound?" An army may "wind" along on land; at sea it does nothing of the sort.

The main feature of the second and last stanza is the abuse of alliteration, reminding one of a *Morning Advertiser* contents-bill:

Not less resolved than Rome, now England stands,  
Facing foul fortune with unfaltering hands.  
Through her vast Realms is neither fear nor feud,  
But, calm in strength and steeled in fortitude,  
She fills the gaps of death with eager life.  
That will not lag nor haggle in the strife,  
Till, having backward rolled the lawless tide  
Of trusted treason, tyranny, and pride,  
Her Flag hath brought, inflexible as Fate,  
Charter of Freedom to a fettered State.

It is Ireland rather than England that one would expect to face fortune with her hands. There is a touch of originality in the expression "haggle in the strife," but it is scarcely of a desirable order. Finally, no writer with any sense of congruity would apply to a flag the epithet "inflexible." "Flag," no doubt, is used symbolically; but who can so entirely divest the word of its literal meaning as not to be jarred by the mixed metaphor?

### Sublimity

"Howlers" are not always so incessant in Mr. Austin's work, but they are never absent for many consecutive stanzas. Correctness, however, is not the supreme virtue of poetry. If Mr. Austin ever attained true distinction or sublimity, we could easily forgive an occasional lapse into bathos. But never, never, in these laureate lyrics, does he even blunder upon distinction. When he sets forth to hymn the Queen, on her Diamond Jubilee, this is how he babbles along:

The lark went up, the mower whet his scythe,  
On golden meads kine ruminating lay,  
And all the world felt young again and blithe,  
Just as to-day.

In the green wheat the poppy burst aflame,  
 Wild rose and woodbine garlanded the glade,  
 And, twin with maiden summer, forth there came  
 A summer maid.

They placed a Crown upon her fair young brow,  
 They put a Sceptre in her girlish hand,  
 Saying, "Behold! you are Sovereign Lady now  
 Of this great Land!"

Silent She gazed, as one who doth not know  
 The meaning of a message. When She broke  
 The hush of awe around her, 't was as though  
 Her soul that spoke(!)

"I cannot don the breastplate and the helm,  
 To my weak waist the sword I cannot gird,  
 Nor in the discords that distract a realm  
 Be seen or heard."

How melancholy that the Queen of England—a Queen who has given her name to an era almost as rich in poetry as that of Elizabeth herself—should find in her illustrious age no Laureate worthier of his theme! But it cannot be denied that when Mr. Austin gives his mind to it he can soar to heights of ecstatic loyalty such as even the panegyrists of Gloriana scarcely attained. In his last birthday ode ("An Indian Summer," 1899) he writes:

O what a harvest, Lady, now is yours,  
 Empire, and fame, and glory, and above  
 Glory and fame, a Universe's love.

Here is sublimity with a vengeance! Strange things have been said and done in the name of Imperialism; but it has been reserved for Mr. Austin to hear the stars in their courses singing "God Save the Queen." Can nothing be done to save Her (as Mr. Austin would say) from the belittlement of such insensate adulation?

#### Lack of Tact

After this it is scarcely necessary to cite instances of Mr. Austin's lack of tact. As that deficiency, however, is especially glaring in his deliverances on foreign affairs, it calls for a little further consideration. This is not a question of political bias, of Imperialism or Little-Englandism. One may be as ardent an Imperialist as Mr. Austin without admitting that the pulses of the Empire must necessarily beat to the rhythms of Leicester-square. "Rule Britannia" is a very good song in its way, and where two or three Britons are gathered together in festive mood there is no harm in their assuring each other that they never, never shall be slaves; but it does not follow that we want our Laureate to be perpetually executing blaring variations upon "Rule Britannia" in the columns of the *Times*. Foreigners cannot judge of

the repute in which the performer is really held. They only know that he has succeeded to the laurel of Tennyson, and when they find him blustering in the centre of our journalistic stage, so to speak, they may well ask what has become of the traditional dignity of the English nation. Mr. Austin is the — well, the hysterical Helot of Imperialism. He began his laureate career by going a-mafficking in music-hall numbers over the exploit which first brought Mafeking within the ken of world-history; but the incredible indiscretion, of "Jameson's Ride" is too notorious to call for more than a passing mention. When English sentiment took the American side in the Cuban quarrel, Mr. Austin must needs come forth with a lyric, not giving well-considered expression to that sentiment on our own part, but putting in the mouth of America the opinion that "We severed have been too long," and the desire to let "Our friendship last long as Love doth last, and be stronger than Death is strong." No one who has the slightest acquaintance with American sentiment can doubt that this was precisely the wrong thing for an English official poet to do. When the American people yearn for our friendship, they may be trusted to express that emotion for themselves, and in the meantime it only embarrasses those Americans who are really well disposed towards England to have it clumsily taken for granted that their individual feeling is shared by the nation at large. Recent events have provided a bitter commentary on Mr. Austin's "Voice from the West," yet even so lately as February last he must still take upon him to speak for America in these terms:

Hark, hark to the greeting of free-born men from the Land of the  
Setting Sun;

"God prosper you, dear old England! It is rightly and nobly done."

America, fortunately, is better able than the rest of the world to take Mr. Austin at a due discount; but what must Europe think of this sort of thing, inspired, or let us rather say suggested, by the Fashoda incident?

Then seeing Her within Her waves so blest,  
The jealous nations, panoplied alike,  
Said, "Look, She wears no armor on Her breast:  
What if we strike?"

Slowly as stirs a lion from his bed,  
Lengthens his limbs, and crimps his mane, She rose,  
Then shook out all Her strength, and, flashing, said,  
"Where are my foes?"

Dazed and dismayed, they veiled their futile vow;  
Some fain would be Her friend, and some would nurse  
Their hate till they could curb the might that now  
They could but curse.

Is it to be endured that the brain and heart of England should be officially represented in the eyes of the world by such bounding braggadocio? In a private rhymester it would be paltry enough; in a

Court poet it is intolerable. Its manner humiliates us; its matter can only irritate our neighbors. Is it not time that Lord Salisbury (or "gallant old Cestle," as the bard of "Mafeking" would call him) should take steps to check the consequences of a joke which has turned out such a very bad one? Mr. Austin's well-meant industry (for there is no doubt as to the excellence of his intentions) has fairly earned him a knighthood. Why not let him have it as soon as convenient, with a hint that he should in future confine his poetic attentions to such domestic events as royal christenings, and, so far as foreign affairs are concerned, should forthwith join the Choir Inaudible?

### The Genesis of Romantic Love

BY CHARLES JAMES WOOD

HUMAN nature is not always the same, says Mr. Finck,\* particularly in the matter of love. The present ideal of love he calls "romantic love," and maintains that it came into existence in modern times. The story of Alcestis he regards as an invention of the tyrant man, who could admire such characters as Griselda, and Katherine in "The Taming of the Shrew." However, it is not the emancipation of woman which Mr. Finck praises, but the purification of sexual relations. This has in a general way advanced steadily during the centuries of Christendom. Mr. Finck does not say so, but the higher ideal, or ideals, are distinctively Christian. Romantic love is the product of the Church. For notwithstanding the wails of Gautier and Swinburne, the world has been vastly improved by the Christian doctrine of chastity in man and woman. The ideal love of the troubadours of Provence, and all the chivalry of the quest of the Holy Grail, brought mankind to value the white flower of a blameless life. The adoration of the pure and gentle and chivalrous Nazarene, and reverence for the gracious ideal of Mary the Virgin, transformed humanity.

Mr. Finck might as well have told us this, because the fact is entirely obvious. His book is almost wholly taken up with disproving the negative. He is too controversial to be calm. He ought not to take the reviewers so seriously. They are mortals like himself — not impeccable, only infallible. As the gentle reader may know, Mr. Finck some years ago published a book called "Romantic Love and Personal Beauty." Then occurred the inevitable. Some critics said that he stole his theory from Hegel, others declared that he was a fool, and further, that he ought to be ashamed of himself. His feelings were hurt, and he has written this voluminous book, which is packed tight with data, to prove that he is right and is not a fool. Now we respect Mr. Finck's learning and ability. Therefore we shall not call him names. He has "the root of the matter in him," but he protests too much. While we do not approve of the conduct of Homer's

\* "Primitive Love and Love-Stories." By Henry T. Finck. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons.



Aphrodite, we fail to recall anything gross in the pictures of Arete and Nausikaa. Again, what place in Mr. Finck's theory does the primitive social organization known as the matriarchy fill? The writer holds no brief for Westermarck, who is no less of a doctrinaire than Mr. Finck, and, with all his exceptions, Mr. Finck agrees with the main theory of Westermarck. In short his (Finck's) position, cleared of controversy, is this (page 46): "While it is certain that both the sensual and the sentimental sides of sexual love are stifled by the horror of incest, all that I claim in regard to ancient and primitive races is that the sentimental side of love was smothered by unfavorable circumstances and hindered in growth by various obstacles." Now this modest position is plausibly true, and is all that can be proved. The history of marriage proves it, and the main outline of Mr. Finck's book is upon "the three principal stages in the evolution of the custom of choosing a wife. In the first and lowest stage a man casts his eyes on a woman, and tries to get her regardless of her own wishes. In the second, an attempt is made to win at least her good-will; while in the third — which civilized nations are just entering — a lover would refuse to marry a girl at the expense of her happiness." So Mr. Finck's debate will in the end arrive at the question, What stage? Probably it will be found true that, even in primitive culture, the hand that rocks the cradle rules the world. At any rate the dowager empresses of China and Turkey manage to make themselves felt, even if the women of China and Turkey are toys and slaves. Neither can we forget the heroines of the *Voluspa* and the *Nibelungen Lied*, of the *Shah Nameh* and the *Ramayana*. Grant Mr. Finck his *Sakuntala*.

The eternal ideal of womanhood has no doubt been strengthened and purified by the ethos of Christianity, but its power in the world has been from everlasting. Goethe may have been heartless. Somewhere Mr. Finck intimates that not one man in — ten thousand, is it? — is capable of pure and romantic love. It would appear to the irritable critic that Mr. Finck had gone up with the Publican into the temple to pray. Mr. Finck's dedication implies as much. Yet even the marble heart of Goethe confessed

" Das ewig weibliche  
Zicht uns hinan."

Through the centuries humanity has been slowly elevated till men confess that love and the gentle heart are one and the same thing. Even in dolorous days, ideals of pure womanhood, the Beatrice of Dante, the Una of Spenser, and the Laura of Petrarch, have shone brightly before the eyes of the world. Love and death have ploughed together the hearts of men in primitive stages of culture. This also we learn by inference from Mr. Finck's learned pages. He handles his topic with delicacy and adroitness. He proves his point. The only objection to his book is that he more than proves it.

## Queen Victoria Day by Day

[It would be difficult to find a parallel for the remarkable re-assertion of Queen Victoria's energies, both physical and mental. Throughout the present crises—the South African War and the grave situation in the Far East—her Majesty has kept in closest touch with pending events, and her recent trip to Ireland showed how willingly she still braves discomfort in the cause of fellowship and unity. Mr. Robert Wilson's "Life and Times of Queen Victoria," shortly to be published in this country, will contain a special personal memoir by the late Mrs. Oliphant, which throws much new light upon the Queen's domestic life. As it was the last work upon which Mrs. Oliphant was engaged the following selection should hence prove doubly interesting. — Eds. CRITIC.]

THE Queen's latter-day life is such as we all desire for those we love best. "Thou shalt see thy children's children; and peace upon Israel." To her, if to any in the world, has come abundantly the "Honor, love, obedience, troops of friends," of the poet. Her later middle age, and serene and dignified progress through gathering infirmities, have been attended by universal reverence, the admiration and applause, we may truly say, of the world wherever her name has been heard; and in what obscure corner has it not been heard through all the four continents? The approbation of the whole earth is hers, from the rising to the setting sun; and that is about the greatest thing that earth can give—approbation of her acts, her attitude, her life. Many troublous moments there have been, many alarms; sometimes it has been thought and prophesied that the climax of British power had passed and was over; sometimes it has appeared as if all the other nations were gathering angry round us, furious with our pretensions, furious with our success. Yet in her own private family the Queen is surrounded by a crowd of descendants, some of whom she has seen promoted to the highest thrones of the world, while there are always at home pleasant groups of prosperous and affectionate young people, filling it as grandmothers love to feel, with unfailing gayety and life. Her children's children and peace upon Israel! The blessing is the same to the poorest cottager and the greatest Queen.

The Queen, however, has had many griefs to bear in her later years which are common to all who live a longer life than their fellows. She has seen members of her family, friends, and counsellors drop from her side as the years went on, now one, now another, upon whom she relied most for comfort and aid. The ministers who served and guided her youth have all passed away in the course of nature; but of her younger counsellors, less aged than herself, how many have been cut off from her, some necessitating a complete change in her most intimate surroundings, such a change as is painful at any period of life, but how much more in old age when we cling to all that is habitual, and most of all to the solace of old servants, old friends, those who know us and all our ways. Not to go through the long chronicle of loss, one only may be mentioned in Sir Henry Ponsonby, who was the Queen's right hand for many years, a man devoted to her service,

knowing everything, understanding everything from the affairs of State to rules of royal punctilio and of those social arrangements about which her Majesty was always warmly interested, that everything should be done by order and precedent. His lamented death caused a complete revolution in the closest circles of her surroundings, two younger men, no doubt most valuable and faithful, but new, having been put into the conjoined offices which so trusted a friend and supporter had filled in his own person. Such a loss as this, affecting the Queen's daily habits and long-established routine, as well as her affection and confidence in those she had cause to esteem so highly, was a very great misfortune, and, though perhaps scarcely any other loss could be felt so deeply as this, the number of friends whom the Queen has lost is unusually great. It is the penalty of long life, but demanded of her Majesty in more than the ordinary degree. She expresses this sense of loss with great pathos and tenderness in a letter addressed to the Rev. W. W. Tulloch on the death of his father, Principal Tulloch, of St. Andrews. "I have again lost a dear and honored friend," the Queen says, "and my heart sinks within me when I think I shall not again on earth look on that noble presence, that kind face, and listen to those words of wisdom and Christian large-heartedness which used to do me so much good. . . . *No more! Never again!* Those dreadful words I have so often had to repeat make my heart sick. God's will be done! I have lost so many and I feel so alone."

The Queen has kept her place at the head of the nation to a remarkable degree during the latter part of her life. She has opened several Parliaments, she still appears on various great national occasions, she has re-opened to some extent her house, at least in Windsor; though nothing seems able to induce her ever to return, save for a few days, to Buckingham Palace, or to make her presence felt in general society. But all the austerity of her seclusion has happily disappeared, and she restrains her own personal distaste for the noise and commotion of a crowd, in order to please all classes of the people—the poor by appearing in the streets and public places, the centre of beautiful processions and ceremonials; the rich and great by holding drawing-rooms and other trivial, but, in their way, important functions in which the appearance of the aged Queen always proves far more attractive and more satisfactory than that of the most beautiful and beloved of princesses, even the *débutantes* feeling themselves shorn of half their honors when it is not the Sovereign herself to whom they make their courtesies. Now and then, chiefly at a garden party, her Majesty even appears in society, and, though the *onus* of entertainment on such occasions is left, as is very natural, upon the Prince and Princess of Wales and the other members of the family, the Queen has resumed her reception of royal and noble visitors at Windsor, and holds banquets and gives entertainments in their honor. Though she never crosses the threshold of a theatre, she frequently calls to Windsor the most distinguished

actors to perform before her—seeing in this way some of the most ambitious and some of the most amusing productions of the modern stage.

Nor has old age produced in her any slackening of exertion or relaxation of public duty. To make this consistent with necessary rest and fresh air, and such exercise as is possible, the hours of the day are so arranged as to alternate work with relaxation. Often, while at Windsor, she begins the day by a drive in her donkey chair, through the beautiful Home Park to Frogmore, where she breakfasts in the open air or in a tent, enjoying the freshness of the morning and the sweetness of the woods and the lawns; though there is rarely absent a significant despatch box, containing the Queen's daily work, that continual supply of State papers, which, important as they are, are far from being light reading. After this little preface of the open air, which she always loves, her Majesty returns to a close morning's work with her Secretaries, when all important public business is gone over. Before the hour of luncheon she goes out again to take a drive. The luncheon midday meal is the most cheerful, the most expansive moment of the day, and the Queen is surrounded chiefly by her own children and grandchildren, and family matters are often the principal subject of discussion and consultation. So abundant a family has, no doubt, many difficulties, as it has also many pleasant things to be talked over. In all that has been made visible to the public of the Queen's private diary and papers, and in the published letters of the Princess Alice, the crowd of Christian names (sometimes meaning the highest personages in Europe) is quite amusing. They seem to throng upon each other till the spectator can scarcely see through the crowd to the pleasant group at table, all telling the latest news of these friends and relatives, speculating what they will do next, laughing at a characteristic trait of this majesty or that. The same thing occurs, no doubt, in every large family; but few families are so large, or have so many widely extending ties, as that of the Queen.

To show how the most trivial circumstances mingle with the greatest in the routine of a Court, it is said that one of the occupations of this cheerful table is to regulate and approve the Court Circular for the day, that little every-day record of visits and promenades, arrivals and departures, the pieces of music that are played after dinner, and other details. But it is one of the curious particulars of life, that the most insignificant jostles the most important, and it is scarcely possible to say which takes up the most time and occupies the most thought. The hand that has just signed decrees and official proclamations to move a world, corrects with as much gravity the little slip of that small dry chronicle of something less than small beer, the comings and goings, the drives and the dinners. But no doubt the document is read as religiously by millions of readers as it is filled by the persons most concerned.

After this family repast, the Queen is accustomed to spend an hour

or two, much as the head of a large establishment would do anywhere. She writes her family letters, which are an important feature of the occupations of every mother, and these are often not mere affairs of affection, but letters full of the greater interests which must mingle with every-day events in the correspondence of a Sovereign. It is said that the Queen expects to hear at least once a week from all her children, and is herself very regular in her replies, so that this in itself adds a considerable item to her employments. She is, besides, very ready and gracious in notes to less important persons, and is understood to like receiving letters from those who can in any sense of the word be called friends. The early hours of the afternoon, the only portion of her time that can be called private, would seem to have been appropriated by her Majesty to the writing and reading which with many lesser-women are considered enough to fill the whole day. She afterwards goes out again for a long drive. The dinner hour is very late, never before nine o'clock. It is seldom that meal is confined to members of the family, as in an ordinary house; guests, generally distinguished either by rank or celebrity, constantly mingle with the royal party, including all foreign visitors of sufficient note. They assemble in the corridor, which is one of the most interesting parts of the Castle at Windsor, full of beautiful furniture and fine pictures: among which not the least are the many Court pictures, commemorating incidents in her Majesty's life—from the pretty simplicity of the first Council, to the elaborate reproductions of Court splendor, fine dresses and magnificence, in the series of marriages and of christenings which line the walls. Mingled with them is one of the most beautiful collections extant of the works of Canaletto, the great Venetian painter, and many portraits, interesting in several instances. In this softly lighted gallery, with banks of flowers at every turn, the invited guests await the coming of the Queen.

But when the meal is over, and the Queen has spoken gracious words once more in the corridor, to her guests, it is not to rest that her Majesty retires. Again appears the despatch box, which is never long out of the foreground, and the Queen once more sits down to the perusal of papers. It is often two o'clock in the morning before her task is done, a fact which once received the most amusing confirmation and comment some time afterwards, in the grumbling and lamentation of one of the servants in the Castle whose office it was to put out the lamps throughout the private apartments. He had fallen asleep while waiting, and, failing to wake in time to perform his duty, had been reprimanded and finally dismissed, and found himself compelled to seek humbler service. "How," he cried indignantly, "could they expect a man to keep awake for half the night?" The young footman could not do it, but the aged Queen did. The servant nodded outside, the little town slept below, when the Queen, full of great thoughts of Empire, went to her repose, all the rest of the world asleep, as she might well have believed, looking out from that royal



height over the silent masses of building, the red roofs and the great plain below—all at rest except herself, the mother and mistress of all.

The watch thus kept is but a symbol of the vigilance with which the Queen watches and notes everything that goes on throughout the country. We have been told that it is her Majesty's determination to have every untoward accident inquired into which originated the system now in use, by which every public catastrophe becomes immediately the subject of close examination. The knowledge on every side that the Queen's first question will be, "How did it happen—what was the cause?" is a continual warning and stimulant both to them on whom the responsibility lies, of all great works employing numbers of men, and to those whose business it is to inquire into every accident. How did it happen? The Queen's query, which is the first thing certain in every such lamentable business, overawes all careless officials. It is known that whatever the Government or its representatives might wink at, there is no cessation of that royal question till all is made clear.

Perhaps it is scarcely in good taste to comment upon the Queen's personal appearance at this time of life, but it may be well to attempt a rectification in this respect. Many of her recent photographs, and the statues executed of late years, give an expression which has been interpreted as "cross" by superficial observers. This arises solely from the conformation of the face, unnoticed in her prime, which, giving a certain projection to the lower jaw, throws into the close-shut mouth an air almost of discontent and dissatisfaction. But the spectator has but to see the Queen's countenance melt in personal intercourse, the smile which lights up the face, the kindness that inspires it, to perceive how false is this impression. It is unfortunate, for it belies her Majesty with the widest circle of all, those to whom she is but a momentary vision as she passes, and who cannot know by any experience of their own how far this aspect of the Queen's countenance in repose is from its real meaning. There is, perhaps, no one to be met with in society, even among those much inferior in rank, who has the gift of putting a humble visitor at his or her ease so entirely as the Queen. She is herself so perfectly natural that she calls out in others, wherever that is possible, the same melting away of everything artificial, difficult, as it might be for ordinary mortals not to put on something, either of pretension or humbleness, which they might hope would ingratiate them with the Queen.

One of the many anonymous pieces of information which abound concerning her Majesty says: "The Queen likes two classes of people, those of rank who keep strictly within the limits of Court etiquette—for which she is a great stickler—and those who are no respecters of persons, who neither flatter nor cringe, who will report, or gossip, or repeat an amusing anecdote—such as the Scotch peasants or the more confidential servants of the royal household." This is a very poor rendering indeed of the Queen's habits of mind and manner, exhibit-



ing her as the centre of a prim and curtsying circle on one hand, and a lover of gossip and little tales on the other. As a matter of fact, the Queen loves people who are natural, not too much overawed, not presuming, those who consent to be themselves in her presence as she is always herself, clear-sighted, humorous, full of perception of character. The number of her Majesty's attachments among the people about her, her friends unfeignedly, in all classes, but chiefly among those who have a right to surround a throne (many names of noble ladies start immediately to the memory in connection with the Queen, suggesting no strict preservation of the limits of Court etiquette, but the most warm and natural interchange of feeling), as well as among the cottagers who know no ceremony at all—disprove so stilted a description. The Queen is one of those who knows instinctively a friend when she sees him, and has the power of communicating that fine freemasonry of souls. We remember a speech made by one of her Majesty's most intimate companions to a lady, a writer who had pleased the Queen by some reviews of her first book, which seemed to show more comprehension of its naturalness and character than was general, but who turned out to be already known to the Queen. "Ah!" said the Duchess, "we thought it was a new friend, but you are a friend already."

To take another branch of the same subject, we have heard a physician say that the Queen shows a genuine, if partly amused, pleasure in being ordered, according to a doctor's right, to do this or that. To be spoken to with authority is an agreeable novelty which she much appreciates. Indeed, we believe it is the Queen's chief desire to find those who are natural, whose sentiments are to be relied on. As for those who keep strictly within the limits of Court etiquette, we presume they are left there, to curtsy at their leisure. Her Majesty loves to find friends, however great or however humble, warm hearts and minds that understand. And she has what may be called a love of gossip, if any unfriendly critic pleases, a delightful inclination to hear all about them, to know their ways, and what they did, their families, their children, those things which we all love to open our hearts upon, whenever we have any confidence of finding interest and sympathy. As she knows the descent and lineage of everyone upon the golden level of those who have lineage and descent to be known, so she is often found to know more about the humblest acquaintances than they are in the least aware of, and follows the alliances and connections of the cottagers as she does of the dukes, taking the same interest in them. Above rank herself in solitary pre-eminence, she loves rank, which is part of the royal system in which she moves and has her being, but loves humanity more, wherever found.

This is the character, and this the life, of Victoria, Queen of Great Britain and Ireland, Empress of India, a monarch more beloved and honored than has ever been in this loyal but critical island before.

In her old age she has become to her people perfect, and can do no wrong; and perhaps her old age is in many ways her happiest period, certainly the happiest next to that of her married life. Her sorrows are calmed, her sons and her daughters are prosperous and beloved, their children fill the earth and surround her throne, her chair, her carriage, wherever she goes, with a band of smiling girls and strong young men. Between herself and her people there is not the shadow of a doubt on either side: they are aware that their good is always at her heart the chief thing in life, that nothing can happen to the multitude that will pass unnoticed by her vigilant and tender eye; and the Queen knows that she can do nothing in which they may not take a part, ever anxious to greet her wherever she appears, to applaud and to approve every act and every word. Now and then she sends a message to the people, which is always so simple, so full of reason, so full of feeling, that the humblest understand and agree. She has already reigned longer than any previous King or Queen of England, and if there might be some more glorious, it is very sure that there have been none so universally honored and beloved.

### The Fortieth Immortal

BY CHRISTIAN BRINTON

RARELY has the French Academy revealed a more precise sense of perspective than when, a few days since, M. Paul Hervieu slipped into the chair left vacant through the death of Edouard Pailleron. Replacements have not always been so appropriate, for quite recently a poet succeeded an historian, and once a mathematician preceded a bishop. Of late, however, the Academy has displayed a taste for symmetry, M. Henri Lavedan having continued the tradition of Henri Meilhac, and, in the present instance also, we have dramatist following dramatist.

As on the occasion of M. Lavedan's reception, the Hervieu installation was not without significant features; the event, while not so diverting, was equally stimulating. M. Hervieu's address consisted of a spirited exposition of his predecessor's career as poet and playwright. The author of "*Le Monde où l'on s'Ennuie*"—a masterpiece of modern dramatic literature—received perhaps the most discriminating tribute ever accorded his achievement. Yet it was not what M. Hervieu had to say of M. Pailleron, but what was said of M. Hervieu which was of chief moment.

The satire, piercing and alert, the fancy, delicate and inventive, of M. Pailleron's plays are already being discounted through certain qualities possessed by the very man who suavely seats himself in the same chair to doze under the gold-and-buff dome of Richelieu's Academy. There remains little for us in this man who stood midway between Augier and Labiche, who revolved so brilliantly—in such a prescribed orbit. The drama of the hour treats bigger problems than those which

M. Pailleron was disposed to front. "Les Corbeaux," "The Doll's House," "Magda," and "When We Dead Awaken" contain sterner stuff; they are not "Le Monde in l' où s' Ennuie," or "Où l' on s' Amuse," but the world where one plunges into maelstroms, is churned about and cast up débris perhaps, but undaunted. There are few questions which the dramatist of to-day does not ask. His answers may or may not be coherent, but he stabs to the heart of things with pitiless interrogations.

By happy pre-arrangement, it was M. Ferdinand Brunetière, academic with modern ramifications, who was chosen to greet the newcomer. Through special virtue of his classicism, M. Brunetière is qualified to sift that which is essential and abiding from that which is transient and spurious in contemporary letters. After rating M. Hervieu for his "mondain" tendencies, for the superficiality of certain of his leanings, and for the studied ambiguity of his diction, M. Brunetière steered straight toward tangible, unquestioned merits. Passing in review the earlier plays, such as "L' Inconnu" and "Peints par Eux-mêmes," he reserved "Les Tenailles" and "La Loi de l' Homme" for his closing period.

"That which," said M. Brunetière, "in 'Les Tenailles' and 'La Loi de l' Homme,' I can praise without stint is a return to the classic tradition, a renaissance—under a new form adapted by the author to the exigencies of his period—of tragedy. For a long time tragedy has been confounded with its setting, its trappings, and I do not hesitate to add that in the minds of most folk tragedy stands for little but an empty application of the three unities to subjects Babylonian, Greek, Roman—and frankly bloody. There could be no graver error. If simple, swift action, action hampered by no irrelevant considerations, action rapid and direct, which turns aside for nothing, which admits of no futile or even diverting digressions, which moves forward in a succession of scenes which are woven together and which unravel with inherent logic—scenes which are held in the grip of dialogue which never lowers the note, never indulges in interpolations on the part of an author who wishes to exploit self at the expense of subject,—if, I say, these be the essentials, the roots and fibre of classical tragedy, then are 'La Loi de l' Homme' and 'Les Tenailles' tragedies in the truest sense of the term.

"The mainspring of modern tragedy lies in the spectacle of human nature chafing against the restrictions of the moral code. The difference between tragedy old, and new, is that, in place of letting fatality hover about in the background, you bring it home to us under the guise of this code. Yet it is antique fatality just the same; we recognize the tragic mask alike in the dénouement of 'Les Tenailles' and of 'La Loi de l' Homme,' where she presides mute and implacable. Neither the schemes of Robert Fergan, nor the revolts of Laure de Raguais can prevail against her. They both must yield, must succumb even though death come; and that which heightens the classic severity of the catastrophe is that in dying, even, they could not be more completely effaced, crushed, than they are now and must be forever through this demolition-of will, of choice. 'You are guilty, and I am innocent,' cries Robert Fergan to his wife; and she replies, '*Nous sommes deux malheureux. Au fond du malheur il n'y a plus que des égaux.*' It is the

climax, the capitulation of despair, and I question whether you can cite anything as strong and yet as simple, or anything which more completely embodies the tragic note.

"Possessing such qualities, it is not surprising that these two plays should have brought about a sort of revolution in dramatic literature. Beyond doubt the way has been blazed for you, and, leaving aside living writers—men whom we both know and admire,—I am sure you would not forgive me did I fail to recall the names of Henri Becque and Alexandre Dumas. And yet neither the one nor the other was wholly able to free the drama from the formula which had held it prisoner for upwards of a half-century. Under the pretext that the stage should mirror, should imitate, life, and holding that in life tragedy and comedy are inextricably interwoven, are separated by a moment of time, a mere membrane (a theory which is absolutely false), our dramatists continued to mingle and to dovetail these two elements in the same passages, striving to 'contrast' scenes and to move us alternately, sometimes simultaneously, to laughter or to tears. 'Denise,' 'L' Etrangère,' and 'Franchillon' were conceived after this fashion, nor do I count 'Les Corbeaux' entirely above the same reproach. On the other hand, the Théâtre-Libre has so far been only partially successful in its mission. During the interim, 'Les Tenaillles' was produced at the Comédie Française, closely followed by 'La Loi de l' Homme.' The reception accorded these plays was a guarantee, an endorsement, of their power and originality. The cast-iron formula was broken. However one might debate the tendencies of these two domestic tragedies, or discuss their theses, or attack their purport, there was no disputing the effect they produced, nor was anyone in doubt as to why they produced that effect. You had bowled something over and had set up something else in its place. Whatever one may have thought at bottom of 'Les Tenaillles' and 'La Loi de l' Homme' one had to admit that the mould into which they were cast was a new mould. Revolutionary or transitional,—I would not have the word exceed my meaning,—you were assured of having with these plays marked an epoch in the history of our stage. It is an honor no one will deny you and one than which I know none more truly academic."

There remains little to add to M. Brunetière's remarks save to recall the fact that the new Academician's play "Les Tenaillles" was produced here sporadically under the name of "Ties" during the past winter. Granting that the adaptation was lame and the acting of Mr. Blair and Miss Kahn was crude, it is nevertheless pathetic to note that the reception of the piece at the hands of both press and public was the reverse of intelligent or sophisticated. Perhaps a play Babylonian, Greek, Roman—or frankly bloody—would have been more comprehensible. In art as in most things it is easier to stand still or to sulk behind than to forge ahead—toward the Light.



## Out of the East and the North

BY CORNELIA ATWOOD PRATT

ONE of the best American novels published for years has lately appeared in the unobtrusive terra-cotta of Appleton's Town and Country series, and one wonders if the dear but incalculable public is going to discern that in "The Immortal Garland \* " it has everything it liked so well in "Red Pottage," barring the cruder touches of melodrama, with a generous *lagniappe* of art thrown in.

The book has nearly all the merits appropriate to novels. Foremost among the qualities that endear it is companionableness. It is one of the tales that you make to last as long as possible in the reading, because you know that when it is finished you will feel a certain loneliness for the loss of these people whose lives you have shared so intimately. And yet they are not by any means characters of unmixed good, and the book is too realistic to be wholly happy. The writer takes a group of young people in the prime of untried energy and enthusiasm. She sets before us their radiant youth, and then shows the inevitable reactions of life upon it. This one stands firm under all shocks, and that one is trampled under foot, and another is defeated and broken, but rises from the dust of her own overthrow more eager and aspiring than before. There is no character in the book that is not a creation, vivid, breathing, human, wrought of "the tough fibre of the human heart." You know your way about the souls of Dick and Phillippa Cushing, of Randolph Scott and Gilbert Carne and Valentine, as you know the way about your own house. They are so actual that everything they do is inevitable, and you recognize this quality in their deeds. No one but Mrs. Humphry Ward has of late given such solidity to her characters. The book has, indeed, more than one point of likeness to "David Grieve," which still remains Mrs. Ward's strongest work, and "The Immortal Garland" is of a quality sufficiently firm and fine to stand the comparison. Both books contain penetrating studies of the artistic temperament. In "David Grieve" Mrs. Ward showed the *union libre* as it appears not to the world but to the lovers, in whom the sense of fatality obliterates consciousness of guilt. This is a profoundly difficult thing to do, since ethical judgments are woven into the very mental fibre of any writer serious enough to regard events from the standpoint of their effect on character. In the brief union of Dick and Valentine the same theme is treated with equal power and detachment. Throughout, Dick is a strong study of weakness, and I do not now recall, this side of "Middlemarch," a touch so unusual in fiction and yet so absolutely natural as the way in which Dick and Phillippa drift together emotionally and then drift apart again. The book is full of delicate observations like this, of reality — and of idealism.

Also, it treats the life of actors and actresses seriously and from the

\* "The Immortal Garland." By Anna Robeson Brown. D. Appleton & Co.



inside. This has not been done before. Usually the treatment of the stage in fiction is as artificial and tawdry as the cheapest conventions of the stage itself. Writers seem to have overlooked the fact that the histrionic gift must be developed painfully, like any other talent. The necessity for strenuous mental effort on the part of the actor who aspires to eminence has never been convincingly celebrated in fiction. We talk glibly enough about an actor's conception of this or that character, but seldom stop to think of the creative intellectual effort that any such clear-cut conception requires, and if the creed of many devoted theatre-goers were known it might coincide more closely with Mr. George Moore's brutal "Mummers are mummers" than intelligence should permit.

Miss Brown does not lecture upon these subjects, but she illustrates them. Gilbert's conversation with Valentine, in which he clarifies her ideas about playing Ophelia, is much more practical and instructive than most essays on dramatic art. Incidentally, one would be glad to be assured that there ever was, on the stage or off, such an exquisitely just, helpful, clear-sighted, and right-minded human being as Gilbert Carne. The one weakness of a most unusual novel is this hero who is perfectly convincing and yet is far too good for human nature's daily fare.

One important difference between born story-tellers of the old school, such as Mrs. Benton was, and born story-tellers of the new, such as Mr. Jack London has just triumphantly proved himself to be, is that the latter seeks concision as if it were the one jewel of great price, and that, instead of vitalizing a mass of detail, he selects instinctively only those particulars which are already most telling and alive. If Mr. London can continue as he has begun, he is on the highroad not so much to success and fortune—though those also are good things and likely to be added unto him—but to becoming one of the distinguished story-tellers of his generation.

"Sons of the Wolf"\* is the significant title that the Indians of the Far North have given to the children of the all-conquering race who come among them. The book is dedicated to such men who "sought their heritage and left their bones in the shadow of the circle." It etches deep in consciousness the lines upon which such men must be fashioned to grapple successfully with the horrors of the North. For this country is a horrible land and its stern savagery is unspeakable. You have only to watch the faces of men who have come back from the Klondike to see what havoc it makes of ordinary human nature. Characters whose props are outside themselves find short shrift there. It is no place for the average citizen with average virtues; he misses his comforts first, and finds to his great surprise that in a land where bathtubs and beef steaks are not, he is not the man he used to be at home. Sometimes he finds discomfort so degrading that he takes to drink to forget, and goes to pieces so, on the first rock; or he gets

\* "The Sons of the Wolf." By Jack London. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.



hardened, and the savage latent in all men comes to the surface, never to be downed again. Some men hold the breath of their spirits until they come out again, and some—but these are rarer than great nuggets—square their shoulders and say to themselves that there is nothing in a world the Lord has made that is too hard for men to bear. They fulfil the fundamental demand that “a man should stand up in God’s sight and work up to his weight in avoirdupois.” By labor they achieve salvation, and build up for themselves a kind of religion, “savage, cold, bare, but infinitely strong.”

Nothing, in short, proves that a man is a man more conclusively than his ability to stand the North. Some of the men in these stories are of that kind and some are of the Incapables. “In a Far Country” tells of two such who, because they had not the inner strength and comradeship, died deaths of a hundred horrors. They were left behind by their fellow-voyagers, who were attempting to enter the Klondike from the north and east, when about a hundred miles from Dawson, for the half-breed *voyageur* their guide, when asked to compute how long the journey might be, answered: “Workum like hell, no man plug out, ten—twenty—forty—fifty days. Um babies come” (designating the Incapables), “no can tell. Mebbe when hell freeze over; mebbe not then.” The two were given a cabin and supplies, and left alone—it was their choice—to wait the coming of the spring. But before the spring came the fear of the North, and then the hatred of each other; then, slowly, madness and death.

Each of the nine stories in the volume is as impressive as this and as strongly told. Mr. London has evidently felt Kipling’s influence, but only as that influence tends to stimulus by rousing a writer to do work not like Kipling’s, but as good as Kipling’s. He has annexed the North as Kipling did India. He has jumped Mr. Gilbert Parker’s claim, and what he has taken he will hold—if strength counts in the field of fiction. His work is as discriminating as it is powerful; it has grace as well as terseness, and it makes the reader hopeful that the days of the giants are not yet gone by.





GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO  
(Drawn from a photograph by Florence Scovel Shinn)

# *HYMNS TO THE HEAVENS, THE SEA, THE EARTH, AND TO HEROES* &

BY GABRIELE D'ANNUNZIO

DONE INTO ENGLISH BY MARY J. SERRANO

INCIPIUNT LAUDES CREATVRARVM.

*H*EAR YE, hear ye, O children of Earth, hear the  
great tidings

rejoicing I give you, that, borne on the wind, it shall thrill  
with the joy of its burden!

Hear ye, O husbandmen; rise up in the straight furrows;  
and you, the exuberant strength of the heifer, O plough-  
men,

who curb with the twisted cord,

tense as the cords of sound in the antique lyre;

and you, women, in toil unwearying, fruitful mothers,  
rise ye up in your doorways;

and you in the brilliant light and you in the deepening  
shadows,

babbling children, taciturn old men,

O life, O death,

TO THE CHILDREN OF THE EARTH.

hear me! Hear the herald from afar,

who brings ye tidings of the marvel

that filled the southern sky at noon! behold!

I will inflame you with joy; I will bring to your faces  
smiles and tears.

from the depths of your hearts shall rise a great cry,  
like the cry that resounded in the silence  
of the sacred day.

Adorn with purple bands the heavy yoke,

*with greenery the irons by the fire corroded  
upon the glowing hearth ;  
hang from the smoke-dried beam the fragrant garland ;  
enwreath the forehead of the bull, the gleaming vase,  
the boundary stone ;  
the beauty of the world, obscured, shines forth again.  
To a festival my song divine invites you ;  
lo, in your sluggish veins immortal blood  
my song infuses.*



TO THE CHILDREN OF THE SEA.

*Hear ye, hear, O children of the Sea ; hear the great  
tidings  
rejoicing I give you, that, borne on the wind, it shall thrill  
with the joy of its burden,  
nude in the blue shadow cast by the sails, while quivers,  
as the tree in its native wood, through every fibre the  
vessel  
from poop to prow,  
and the pine, shorn of its locks, on the salty deep that  
travels,  
still weeps the wild gum in slow drops that draw  
their fragrance from its heart.  
Hear me ! and I will tell you what the task that awaits  
you ;  
your august destiny will I reveal, the deity that shines  
within you,  
and the Sea that is still divine.*

*Cast ye the nets in the gardens of the Sea,  
where roses bloom luxuriant among the tangled sea-weed  
floating upon the water ;  
gather the living bough in the coral forest*

*where neighs the hippocampus, swimming erect,  
and the medusæ  
pass by in troops, silent as clouds in air ;  
gather sea-flowers, soft as the swan's plumage,  
sweet as closed eyelids.*

*With flowers wreath every mast, with flowers wreath  
every sail,  
the helmsman at the wheel, the look-out on the main-top,  
and the pilot who knows the skies,  
and the arms of the anchor, tenacious, that  
knows the deep,  
and the watchers, eyes of the vessel, open and fixed  
on the sail in the distance,  
that holds in its depths the fortunate isle or the tempest ;  
to a festival my song divine invites you ;  
the beauty of the world, obscured, shines forth again,  
as in the days serene*



## THE RELATION OF TAMOS.

*False, false the words erstwhile that from the indented  
shores  
thundered of the Echinades in the summer calm,  
toward the vessel. The sun,  
dissolved in fire, sank glowing in the waters ; like a  
funeral pyre  
Paxos flamed. Achelöus, thinking ever of Dejanira  
and the horn broken off  
by the force of Hercules in the stubborn combat,  
roared, and the sound of his angry waters, rushing into  
the sea,  
filled all the air around.  
O father, fertilizer of the plains, fierce monarch, cruel  
spouse,*

*be thou eternal witness. False the voice  
that cried "Pan, Pan is dead!"*

*The day was at its prime; high in the heavens shone  
the Sun, instructor in good works, example  
unwearying of mortals;  
friend of the fountains; radiant face, clear eye  
all things that sees (hear ye, hear ye); and all  
the silence of the plains  
adored him, offering to his beams the harvests  
of every grain, the reapers kneeling,  
with consecrated hands;*

THE GATHERING  
OF THE HARVEST.

*and the keen-edged scythes, and the earthen vessels prone  
on the ground,  
that the water exude, like a brow that grows moist  
with the sweat of fatigue,  
transmitted from fathers to sons in immortal form;  
and the ruddy wagons that stand beside the high-piled  
rick,  
waiting their burden of grain;  
and the hair of the women, the manes of the horses,  
that plunge and rear, infuriate under the cruel lash;  
and the foam of their rage and the prayers that hallow  
the antique labors.*



*The day was at its prime; on high the Sun unclouded  
shone;  
and all the silence of the seas adored him, offering  
to his beams the aroma  
of the purifying salt, the joyousness of the waves,  
of the immovable rocks, of the floating sea-weed,  
of the iron prow;  
the tawny promontory, like a lion in ambush,*

THE SEA.



*with paw outstretched; the harbor dominated  
by the city, eager  
and sad within its walls; the bright meanderings  
of the rivers, the gemmed threshold of the caves,  
that only the wind explores.*

*All was silence, light, force, desire;  
the awaiting of the miracle swelled my heart,  
like to the heart of the world.  
This mortal flesh was eager to radiate light,  
as if the Daystar bathed with fulgent blood  
the burden of its substance.  
The being of the Sun was my being.  
In me were the infinite heavens, the abundance  
of the plains, the Sea profound.*



*And from the summit of the heavens to the foundations  
of the Sea  
resounded, flashed the solar word:*

*"Great Pan is not dead!"*

THE MIRACLE.

*The hair upon my head, the blood within my veins  
thrilled; the woods,  
the standing grain, the waters, rocks, hearth-fires, flowers,  
wild beasts.*

*"Great Pan is not dead!"*

*All things created trembled like a single leaf,  
like a single water-drop, a single spark,  
at the lightning and the thunder of the word:*

*"Great Pan is not dead!"*



*And to the confines of the Universe the sacred terror  
spread. But men did not tremble, bowed  
beneath their accustomed shame.*

*All things created heard the living voice,  
save only men, the shadow of a cross*      *THE GOD SPEAKS.*  
*whose brows humiliated.*

*And I, who alone heard it, stood with the trembling  
creatures*

*mute; and the god said to me: "O thou who singest,  
I am the Eternal Source,  
sing my eternal praises." Meseemed that I had died  
and to being was recalled again. O Death, O Life, O  
Eternity! And I said:  
"I will sing, Lord."*

*THE POET SPEAKS.*

*I said: "I will sing thy countless names and thy members  
innumerable; for the flame and the seed,  
the beehives and the flocks,  
the ocean and the moon, the mountain and the tree  
are thy members, Lord; and the work of man  
is governed by thy law.*

*I will sing the man who ploughs, who sails the seas, who  
fights,  
who draws from the rock, iron, from the breast, milk,  
sound from the oaten pipe.*

*I will sing the greatness of the seas and of heroes;  
the wars of races; the patience of the ox;  
the antiquity of the yoke;  
the dignity of him who kneads the bread;  
and of him who pours into the jar the olive oil;  
and of him who kindles the fire;  
for the hearts of men, as if through long exile,  
have forgotten these thy glories, Lord; and that the lily  
of the fields is an eternal joy." And the god said to me,  
"O son,  
sing also thy laurels."*

## Decadence

BY ANDREW LANG

WHAT is a "Decadent," in the literary sense of the word? I am apt to believe that he is an unwholesome young person, who has read about "ages of decadence" in histories of literature, likes what he is told about them, and tries to die down to it, with more or less of success. Not pretending to have studied the subject much, I conceive that the later poets of the Greek mythology were decadents. They lived in a time when many things were on the wane, and they wrote little pieces, pretty and profane, morbid, maudlin, and, occasionally, loathsome. But Mimnermus, about a thousand years earlier, when Greece had not nearly reached her highest pitch of glory, was as decadent a writer as anybody. It was his nature so to be. His decadence was unconnected with national decay. Therefore, if decadence is "in" now, we need not think that all society is corrupt. Some rather cleverish persons wish to be thought up to what they regard as a decadent date, and that is all.

In the *Fortnightly Review* for June appears an article on a young gentleman recently dead, whom I shall call X. His name is given by the writer, Mr. Symons, but that is no reason why I should give the name. X, we learn, "was undoubtedly a man of genius"—in the decadent line, I venture to presume. The songs of poor X are "evasive immaterial snatches," expressive of "a life which had itself so much of the swift, disastrous, and suicidal impetus of genius." Unlucky genius! But why these epithets? Were Plato, Shakespeare, Voltaire, Scott, Sir Isaac Newton, Goethe, Wordsworth, or Sophocles, persons of "swift, disastrous, suicidal" tendencies? Not they, and if Burns, Byron, Poe, Musset were certainly "fast," and more or less disastrous and suicidal, that proves nothing to the detriment of genius. There are thousands of rapid and disastrous young men who have no genius at all.

X was educated (more or less) at Queen's College, Oxford, where Mr. Symons thought he took haschisch, then "his favorite form of intoxication," but where he certainly did not take a degree.

Probably X had read Gautier's essay on haschisch, and tried it for fun, or to astonish the other Queen's men. Coleridge and De Quincey had genius, and ate opium. X took haschisch; it does not follow that he had genius. He had never read Dickens, but many persons, with no recognized claim to renown, are equally unfortunate. X belonged to a Rhymers' Club, apparently formed for the purpose of enabling the members to find somebody who would let them read their verses aloud. This acquiescence is very rare: speaking as a poet myself, I do not think I ever knew anybody who would stand it. But it is long since I made the experiment. X had "the face of a demoralized Keats," a friendly posthumous remark by Mr. Symons. His manner was "refined"; his appearance "dilapidated." "Without a

certain sordidness in his surroundings he was never quite comfortable." By kicking holes in his boots, crushing in his hat, and avoiding soap, any young man may achieve a comfortable degree of sordidness, and then, if his verses are immaterial, and his life suicidal, he may regard himself as a decadent indeed. But whether, to get so little, it is worth while to endure so much, every poet must ask himself. Into the details of X's exquisitely evanescent love story, I do not go. 'T was not a market-gardener, but a waiter (perhaps a "plump head-waiter") that *she* married. "Did it ever mean very much to her to have made and to have killed a poet?" Mr. Symons asks. Probably she neither made a poet, nor killed one. Beginning with haschisch, at Queen's, and going on to "readier means of oblivion," poor X killed himself, if any one killed him. Again, into the chapter of "means of oblivion" I do not care to go: "the poisonous liquors of those pot-houses which swarm about the Docks." Were all these excesses due to the young woman who decided on the waiter? Probably not: beginning with haschisch a man soon comes to the dregs of the butt, to the lees of the wine.

In the matter of work, X wrote two novels, in collaboration, "both done under the influence of Mr. Henry James." This does not look like genius: a lad of genius, why should he put himself under the influence of Mr. Henry James? In another book the influence of Mr. Wedmore was combined with that of Mr. James. All this was extremely up to date. X had not read Dickens, but he had carefully studied Mr. Wedmore. In verse, "his obligation to Swinburne, always evident, increased as his own inspiration failed him." Clearly, X did not "draw fire from the fountains of the past," but of the present. Where are the signs of genius? Mr. Swinburne, I think, from his boyhood, wrote mainly under the influence of Mr. Swinburne. I dare swear Mr. James has been the chief influence in the writings of Mr. James.

"Surely the kisses of her bright red mouth were sweet,"

wrote X. Perhaps they were, but the line is mere Mr. Swinburne. I remember as fine a line, on old cigar-ends:

"The ashes of the weeds of thy delight."

The poet's name is unknown. Again, X writes:

"I have forgot much, Cynara, gone with the wind,  
Flung roses, roses, passionately with the throng,  
Dancing, he put thy pale lost lilies out of mind."

Yes, but we are put in mind of Mr. Browning:

"It was roses, roses, all the way";

and of Mr. Swinburne:

"Lilies and languors of virtue,  
And roses and raptures of vice."

Without having read all X's poems, and with only a fragment or two, in the *Fortnightly* article, before me as examples, I express no opinion about the genius of X. Only it does not seem to be made very manifest unto men. Little imitative things, sad *épaves* of a life wasted on ideals out of Murger and Baudelaire: old, old, outworn fallacies, and follies, and affectations, these appear to be what is left. The story is a worn piece of pathos. The ideas of life on which X ruined himself have been the ideas of hundreds of boys, of whom the majority laugh at their past selves in a year or two. If this kind of existence, if these sorts of productions, be decadent, surely even boys must see that decadence is rather a mistake. With all its faults, there is more to be said for muscular Christianity. However, on this head one need not preach to the Anglo-Saxon race, which is already converted.

### Studies in Souls

BY ALINE GORREN

THE literary revelation of the nature of women has chiefly hitherto been left to men. And it has been assumed that at the hands, at least, of the masters, the revelation has been complete. Men have maintained that it was complete. They have recognized in the women of Shakespeare and Balzac and Thackeray a play of emotion and action having all the shades of elusiveness of which their own observation of feminine psychology had given them experience. Nor has it been felt alone of the greatest that they understood the inconsequent sex. A number of minor novelists have achieved reputations on the strength of the same alleged penetration. "How well he understands women!" is a phrase that has helped many Bourgets to fame. I say, the same "alleged" penetration. For that the most impersonal and flexible psychologists ever succeed in entering *de cap-à-pié* into the ken of the sex to which they do not belong should, upon the whole, always be considered open to doubt. There has never been any hesitancy in defining the limitations of women writers, even the most accomplished, in the interpretation of men. They have been freely accused of inability to create in fiction a man that was really a man. Well, some of the women created in the fiction of men are not really women. They are more apt to be real women than the women writers' men are apt to be men; more apt precisely in proportion to the greater amount of genius funded in the accumulated store of masculine writing through the centuries. But, however, for that hypocrisy developed in women by the reasons that one knows, that secretiveness which makes them accept without disclaimer conventions regarding them which have been established by poets on one side and satirists on the other, one might have heard it oftener asserted that male psychological studies of feminine motives and sentiments have not invariably hit the mark.

If it be a question of complete revelations, it is safe to say that it is

only from women themselves that they can be expected; just as the positively authoritative analysis of the masculine nature must be left to men. But the woman writer needs the rarer equipment for her task; it is, that is to say, a rarer thing—again, for all those known reasons—for her to possess the exact balance of qualities which will enable her to make her revelations dispassionately. In the author of "The Greater Inclination" \* this balance of qualities appears to exist in a remarkable degree. It strikes one that whoever has read quite understandingly four or five of the stories in that collection will always look thereafter, in anything that Mrs. Wharton may write, primarily for the genius with which she will bring to the surface the underground movements of women's minds. It is the worst feature of the twaddle that one hears about the soul of Woman, that to say this does not seem to confer any particular distinction. It has been noted that there are a great many novelists of the psychological school who make "divinations" of the nature of women a specialty. And a woman who "divines" her sex superlatively well is taken to be a subjective, an introspective, intense being, of the harp-like order, whose competency in this line of research is paid for by restrictions upon other points of her horizon. As a matter of fact, it is only by having many other points of her horizon open and free, so open and so free that they command wide sweeps of landscape, that the woman writer who writes about women will ever get the proper light upon her subject. Mrs. Wharton knows her own sex very well because she knows a great many other things very well. The casts which she takes of the involutions of the deep-down feelings of her sisters are quite marvellously faithful and lifelike; the liquid, before setting, has run into every crack and crevice. But how much one must have learned before one can know of what poses and moments—as really significant—to take a moulding!

The people the lining of whose souls Mrs. Wharton turns inside out are not New-Englanders. That is, they are not rural New-Englanders. Some of them come from Boston and Cambridge; but, even then, they do not belong to the order of Mr. Howells's or Miss Mary Wilkins's New-Englanders. Their consciences are very conspicuous, to be sure; but it is not the familiar Covenanting conscience, warped by generations of bad air in shut-up homes under the New Hampshire snows, and harried by the peculiar nightmares bred of undigested apple-pie and transcendentalism. Mrs. Wharton's characters are taken from the order of freer and gentler spirits to whom the Almighty has given the great grace of larger opportunities. They are people "of the world." And they are mostly New-Yorkers. But Mrs. Wharton is a psychologist, and never departs from the psychological point of view, and these Americans "of the world" of hers, these New-Yorkers whom she puts on the scene, *have*, unmistakably, souls. Every thinking American must be grateful for this; and he must recognize that it is

\* "The Greater Inclination." By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons.



an achievement. It would not take much to make one go so far as to say that it is an almost unique achievement. The American soul, hitherto—so far, at least, as it could be got at for literary purposes,—has clung to the atmosphere of the New England States with the pertinacity of a particular “control” hovering about a special medium at a spiritualist’s séance. It appeared to be next to impossible to make it “materialize” anywhere else. The bodies of New-Yorkers, along with their clothes and some other externalities, were recognizable enough in certain of our novels. But inside there did not seem to be anything but vapor. Just what made those clubmen and Wall Street speculators, or journalists, or struggling lawyers, act in such or such a manner? After the first few steps of exploration within, one lost one’s way in a fog. With the women it was no better; it was worse. The New York beauty-and-heiress has laughed and cried and been a good daughter and (supposedly) loved a man in many novels of New York life; and we have been good-natured, and have taken it all for granted. And, after we had laid the book aside, we have referred, mentally, to our explanatory formula: the formula that, the elements of the life of fashionable New-Yorkers being so largely drawn from alien sources, it was natural that they themselves should be *empruntés*, and therefore practically valueless as material to any true artist.

Such formulæ hold good until a true artist whose personal alchemy is different from that of other artists upsets them. His mind is a new focus of invention, and lights and influences radiate from it that bring out values and uses in what before had seemed to be rubbish. The worldly, or merely well-bred, Americans of Mrs. Wharton are not all front elevation; as one passes the façade and goes back into the perspectives with her the vapors separate and mass themselves up, and, in the twilight, there is seen to be an interlacement of paths, and the masses have faintly distinguishable shapes. Mrs. Wharton takes the view that there *can* be something inside even when one spends one’s summers at Newport;—which, after all, is credible. She makes it visible that one can be a female toady, sacrificing dignity and peace of mind to the keeping up of the pace and the appearances, dodging bills, and going out the back way to avoid dressmakers’ emissaries, and yet be a woman passionately faithful to an ideal of heroism and of sacrifice to duty personified in a man:—“For years you were the tallest object on my horizon. I used to climb to the thought of you, as people who live in a flat country mount the church steeple for a view. It’s wonderful how much I used to see from there! And the air was so strong and pure!” And there is no questioning the tragedy that overtakes that woman’s life when, from the altered angle of vision of her ripper experience, she discovers that the god has been no god at all through all those years, and that she nevermore can be made a little better just by the remembrance of him. Mrs. Wharton makes it visible that to have lived “in a commodious mansion in Fifth Avenue,” with her mother-in-law “commanding the approaches from the second-story

front windows," is not for a New York woman always to have been rendered proof against the troubles of the imagination. And the Mary Anerton of the "Muse's Tragedy," the emotional woman of *quarante ans*—and perhaps, also, of *cinquante*!—who is so true (so much truer, and so much more frequent, than the average woman would ever dare to reveal); the type of woman of whom Robert Louis Stevenson learned, in the latter part of his life, to know something, and of whom he spoke as representing a "desperate case of middle age";—this Mary Anerton is as moving and as superfluously lovable and charming as if she were not an American of the best American *monde*.

"The Touchstone" \* is a short novel, but its substance and method are only an extension of the substance and method of Mrs. Wharton's short stories. She does not handle crowds, nor the simultaneous development of many interrelated characters. She isolates one or two men and women, and studies them. The Glennard of the book is a dry and commonplace young man, who has never thought much about either his good or his bad qualities, and who does not know of what he is made. He commits a blackguardly act, and in the shame and horror of the self-exposure which ensues he sees himself so small, in his own eyes and in those of his wife, that he envelops her in the hatred that he pours upon himself. It is close to the life. The vapid, fatuous, vanity-sick sentimentality of his posthumous amorous coquetting with the memory of the woman whom he had despised in her lifetime is a master-stroke, and one of the strokes in Mrs. Wharton's work that stick in the memory. Alexa Trent fails, at first, to be quite realized (of course one speaks for one's self); but, toward the close, her figure detaches itself, and the image that she leaves is that of a woman whose love and faith have so flowered and twined about the moral uglinesses on which she would not dwell, at which she would not even look, that she has changed them at last into beauties. It is the feminine nature engaged in the

"priest-like task  
Of cold ablution round earth's human shores."

And Mrs. Wharton renders us the more conscious of the loveliness of the function that we feel that she does not make by any means the mistake of supposing that it is within every woman's capabilities to perform it.

\* "The Touchstone." By Edith Wharton. Charles Scribner's Sons.



# The Book-Buyer's Guide

## BELLES-LETTRES

**Jean François Millet** has been condensed into "Riverside Art Series" measure by Estelle M. Hurl. The little volume is admirably adapted for the use of those whose knowledge of art is—and will probably remain—*nil*. The text is simplicity itself; the author's rehash of Millet's kinship to Rembrandt and Michaelangelo is engaging, and her "interpretations" of the plates full of childlike naïveté. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 75c.)

**The Forms of Prose Literature**, by J. H. Gardiner, Instructor in English at Harvard, offers something more refreshing and suggestive than does the routine academic publication. It would be difficult to overpraise this work, which is, at every point, alive with admirable qualities. The Introduction is psychologically sound and æsthetically stimulating, and the chapters consecrated to "The Literature of Thought" and "The Literature of Feeling"—the chief divisions of the subject—are inspiring contributions to the higher study of prose. The examples cited (and they are numerous and appropriate) have the added value of being sufficiently modern to arouse vivid interest—to open question perhaps. Professor Earle, of Oxford, was one of the first to choose apt contemporaneous illustrations, and it is as much a pleasure to see in this work selections from Thackeray and Stevenson as it is a joy to find Henry James and John La Farge quoted in point. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

**The Arts of Life** Richard Rogers Bowker dilates upon in a super-serious vein, beginning with "Proem" and "Foreword." The book is inscribed to Christ, Paul the Apostle, Darwin, Spencer, and Gladstone—"world's-men all." (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.25.)

**Rudyard Kipling, a Criticism**, by Richard Le Gallienne, embodies more sound sense and less dilettante silliness than may at first thought seem probable or possible. By virtue of antithesis chiefly, Mr. Le Gallienne is qualified to say deft and fruitful things about Mr. Kipling. First of all he suggests that the inherent difference between many of Mr. Kipling's stories and Bret Harte's, say, is the difference between *genre* painting and cinematographic reproduction: that, in short, they belong more to the province of science than to the sphere of art. Beyond question Mr. Le Gallienne here touches the quick. Yet he might have gone further; the quality by which Mr. Kipling gets this verisimilitude (his phenomenal "mastery of detail") is a dangerous gift—it tends to swamp, to stifle that simplicity without which there can be no art. His talent, in this line is tremendous, but it is merely the stepping-stone toward a mastery of essentials, not an end in itself. The telling attitude, the picturesque moment, the pat word, the welter of technicality, give vividness and vitality but not necessarily the *vraie vérité*. On the other hand, one wastes little time in choosing between the poignant power of Kipling and the studied prettiness of his critic. (Lane, \$1.25.)

Vols. vii. to x. of the **Larger Temple Shakespeare**—in some respects an ideal edition—have as frontispieces photogravures of Richard III. and Henry VIII., from pictures in the National Portrait Gallery, and engravings of Lord Bacon and Philip Massinger. Prefaces, notes, and glossaries by Israel Gollancz, and many illustrations, antiquarian and topographical, enhance the value of a well-printed text—that of the Cambridge Shakespeare. (Macmillan, \$1.50 per vol.)

## BIOGRAPHY AND HISTORY

**The Life of Chopin**, by Franz Liszt, is translated in full for the first time by John Broadhouse. The partial translation by M. W. Cook has been discarded by the publisher. It is a foregone conclusion that the musical life of one artist written by another artist will contain subtleties of analysis beyond the power of an ordinary biographer to express. Liszt's careful description of Chopin's composition is supplemented by intimate knowledge of his characteristics as musician and as man. (Scribner, Imp., \$2.25.)

**The Early Married Life of Maria Josepha, Lady Stanley**, with extracts from Sir John Stanley's "Præterita," has been edited by one of their grandchildren, Jane H. Adeane. It is supplementary to the "Girlhood of Maria Josepha Holroyd," a series of bright letters which proved interesting enough to furnish a demand for the pen-picture of Lady Stanley's married life. Six chapters are devoted to her husband's memories up to the time of their marriage. Sir John Stanley was an uncle of Dean Stanley. The book is elaborately bound in blue and gold and is profusely illustrated. (Longmans, \$5.00.)

**A History of Eton College**, by Lionel Cust, was written for the series of English

Public Schools, and not because Sir Henry Churchill Maxwell Lyte, K. C. B., Deputy-Keeper of the Records, has not already said whatever of importance there is to say. Mr. Cust's plan is to give a short narrative touching on the most important features of the history of Eton College. The many illustrations are interesting, but badly reproduced. (Scribner, Imp., \$1.50.)

**The Redemption of Egypt**, by W. Basil Worsfold, M. A., is an endeavor to give some account of the physical and social characteristics of Egypt, and to exhibit these characteristics in connection with the work of political reorganization and industrial development now in progress. Mr. Worsfold gathered his material during a visit to Egypt in the winter of 1898-99. Among the subjects discussed are the cotton and sugar industries, the government, the educational system, mediæval and social Cairo, the drainage and the irrigation service, railways, and finance. Four illustrations are in color; the remaining ones are photogravures, full-page or in the text. (Longmans, \$7.50.)

**The Life and Correspondence of Rufus King**, edited by his grandson, Charles R. King, M. D., LL. D., has reached its sixth and last volume (1816-1827). Dr. King's object is to show his grandfather in his daily life, and to present him as an able, wise, and honest statesman, a true lover of his country, and a faithful guardian of her institutions. The task of editing has been most difficult, on account of the great mass of available material, from which proper selections had to be made. The editor has succeeded admirably in his work. The frontispiece to this volume shows the home of Rufus King at Jamaica, Long Island. (Putnam, \$5.00.)

General Roeliff Brinkerhoff's **Recollections of a Lifetime** abounds in details often of local, sometimes of national, scope. The mention of his business relations with David R. Locke, later famous as "Petroleum V. Nasby," are particularly interesting, Locke and General Brinkerhoff having been associated for some years on the Mansfield (Ohio) *Weekly Herald*. General Brinkerhoff mentions a series of humorous papers entitled the "Sniggs' Articles," written for that paper which, in his opinion, were superior to the "Nasby Letters." (Clarke, \$2.00.)

**The Thomas Book**, giving the genealogies of the Thomas family, has been well compiled by Laurence Buckley Thomas, D. D. (The Henry Thomas Co., \$4.50.)

Carlyle's **French Revolution**, stirring compound of good romance and bad history, has been reprinted with numerous illustrations. (Scribner, Imp., \$1.75.)

**The Erskines**, published in the "Famous Scots Series," receive an admirably concise and complete exposition at the hands of A. R. MacEwen. (Scribner, Imp., 75c.)

**The Story of the Nineteenth Century** is told according to his usual and approved formula, by Elbridge S. Brooks, one of the chief "popularizers" of history for young folk. (Lathrop, \$1.50.)

**McLoughlin and Old Oregon**, by Eva Emery Dye, is a vivid and picturesque record of the Territory from its occupation by a scant handful of British trappers, to its acquisition by the United States, the narrative being, perforce, woven about the potent personality of Dr. John McLoughlin, Governor of the Hudson Bay Company. (McClurg, \$1.50.)

**Towards Pretoria** gains exceptional interest from the fact that Julian Ralph was himself invalided after having seen and suffered more than the average correspondent. The newspaper men who were in the field had a particularly stirring time, there having been over twenty "casualties" among their ranks. Mr. Ralph's book is a record of the war to the relief of Kimberley, he having followed the lot of Lord Methuen's forces. The narrative is picturesque and decidedly pro-British, though none the less graphic for that. (Stokes, \$1.50.)

With **Cranmer and the Reformation in England**, by Arthur D. Innes, M. A., begins an important and ambitious series entitled "The World's Epoch Makers." The volumes are edited by Oliphant Smeaton, and aim to afford a complete guide to a study of the chief epochs in the moral and intellectual development of humanity. (Scribner, \$1.25.)

**The Life, Diary, and Letters of Edward Thring**, Headmaster of Uppingham, edited by George R. Parkin, C. M. G., are issued in a new and abridged one-volume edition. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)

**Boswell's Life of Johnson** is republished in three portly volumes. The present reprint is based upon Mr. Mowbray Morris's text for the "Globe" series of 1893 and contains nothing in the way of additional critical material. (Macmillan, \$4.50.)

Edward Everett Hale's **How to Do it**, **How to Live**, and **New England Boyhood** are recent additions to the new "Library Edition" of Dr. Hale's works. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.50 per vol.)

**Luther and the German Reformation**, by T. M. Lindsay, D. D., Professor of

Church History, Glasgow. Had all the ink devoted to Martin Luther since his death been contained in the receptacle which the reformer is said to have flung at the devil, Satan might have been effectually blotted from the world, instead of only having received another black mark against his name! But this last expenditure of ink is well justified by the result. A compact little volume of 266 pages in the series of "The World's Epoch Makers" aims to set Luther in the environment of the common social life of his time. With all the manifold movements resulting from the restless and disturbed state into which society had been thrown by mysterious economic causes, Luther had to do. Dr. Lindsay sketches the personal story very skilfully, throwing the essential into sharp relief against the mass of details in which it is historically imbedded. The defects as well as the virtues of Luther's qualities as a reformer, as a family man, are well brought out. No feature of his life is, perhaps, better drawn than his relation to the peasants and his revulsion towards democracy caused by the follies of the Peasants War,—this, in spite of his sympathy for the people and the great gift he gave them in elevating their common speech to the dignity of a written language. "The age," says Dr. Lindsay, "is always richer than the greatest individual belonging to it and brings into the world more than any man of the time can see, understand or make his own." That is true, yet no one can read the book without feeling the wealth of individuality which Martin Luther did contribute to his age, and without, too, being impressed by the disinterestedness of his own course in the midst of the cross-currents, the petty self-seekings influencing other actors in the drama of the German Reformation. A chronological outline of contemporaneous events given in parallel columns contributes to the worth of the book and saves the pages from an overweight of facts. This is not quite free from slight errors, nor is the text wholly without misprints, but the blemishes are insignificant and do not prevent the book from being charming, suggestive, and valuable. (Scribner, \$1.25.)

**The Memoirs of Alexander I.** and the Count of Russia, written by the Comtesse Choiseul-Gongier shortly after the Emperor's death in 1825, possess the value of being a contemporaneous picture of some very interesting phases of life in the first quarter of this century. The author was the daughter of a Polish Count, Tisenhaus; she was an eye-witness of Napoleon's march through Poland when her fellow countrymen greeted him as a deliverer. In 1818 she married a French savant who filled several diplomatic positions. From her first meeting with Alexander I., in 1812, to the date of his untimely death in 1825, she saw the Emperor, who was her son's godfather, many times and kept a close connection with the Russian Court. When the memoirs were first published, they excited so much interest as showing close knowledge, that the edition was immediately exhausted. The rarity of the volume was the reason why it now appears in English for the first time, though the original was exploited by many other authors. (McClurg, \$1.50.)

**A Short History of Monks and Monasticism**, by Alfred Wesley Wishart, is a popular narrative based mainly on good secondary sources. It makes little contribution to the knowledge of the subject and perpetuates some errors made previously—Vivaria (p. 152) of an example was not Viviers in France but in Southern Italy—but it is pleasant reading and presents a fairly good picture of Monasticism, its history, its ideals, and its failures. (Brandt, \$3.50.)

#### EDUCATION

**The Practical Study of Languages**, by Henry Sweet, contains many good theories proved to be practical by actual experiment. Prof. Sweet's wide knowledge of languages makes his book an authority. He believes that the study of a foreign language should be based upon phonetics, and that the student should start from the spoken rather than from the written language. He does not believe in exercise-writing nor in an *a priori* method such as Ahn's. Grammar should not be made the centre of instruction, but it should accompany the study from the very beginning. The so-called "natural method" is not adapted to the adult mind—a fact which cannot be too firmly impressed upon the misguided people who spend valuable time in trying to become children once more. Every student of language would do well to read this book. (Holt, \$1.50.)

**The State and the Church** comprises Lectures delivered at the University of Michigan by William Prall, Ph.D. (Whittaker, \$1.25.)

**Ivanhoe**, edited by Porter Lander MacClintock, A.M., is issued in the "English Classics" series. (Heath, 50c.)

Gautier's **Jettatura**, edited with introduction and notes by Dr. Schinz, of Bryn Mawr, is published in the "Modern Language Series." (Heath, 30c.)

**The History of Language**, by Henry Sweet, M.A., of Oxford, is another pertinent addition to the Primer-Cyclopædia of Modern Knowledge. (Macmillan, 40c.)



## FICTION

**Matthew Doyle**, by Will Garland. (Dillingham, \$1.25.)

**Widow Magoogin**, by John J. Jennings. (Dillingham, \$1.25.)

**Congressman Hardie**, a Born Democrat, by Courtney Wellington. (Dillingham, \$1.25.)

**A Gentleman Born**, by Edward C. Kane, is so in name—hardly so in practice. (Dillingham, \$1.50.)

**Diana Tempest**, Miss Cholmondeley's third in succession, is issued in a new edition, with portrait and biographical note. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

**Georgie**, by S. E. Kiser, another recruit from the columns of the Chicago dailies, is by no odds a worthy comrade to "Mr. Dooley" or "Fables in Slang." (Small, Maynard, \$1.00.)

**A Master of Craft** will be relished by those who have already found W. W. Jacobs's sea stories to their taste. In Mr. Jacobs's latest effort there is plenty of bracken and plenty of humor. (Stokes, \$1.50.)

**The Dread and Fear of Kings**, by J. Breckenridge Ellis, though an excursion into Sienkiewicz's field—the Latin romance,—will hardly cause the author of "Quo Vadis" uneasiness. (McClurg, \$1.25.)

In **Marshfield, the Observer**, Egerton Castle spins some half-dozen tales in the approved romantic vernacular. Mr. Castle is industrious these days, which is prudent, for we shall surely see a slump in sixth-form-boy literature—soon, it is to be hoped. (Stone, \$1.50.)

**The Slave**, by Robert Hichens, is a romance of the kind that Mr. Hichens knows how to write. Over four hundred and fifty closely printed pages appear at first sight a trial of patience, until one remembers that Mr. Hichens's writings always possess a "unique" interest, even though one does not approve. To meet such a curious expression as "her long grey eyes" makes one willing to read the next page. (Stone, \$1.50.)

**The Bath Comedy**, by Agnes and Egerton Castle, is a "Butterfly Drama," written with the obvious view of dramatization. The situations and the environment are those of the eighteenth century, the flavor is of that fascinating resort where Evelina and Lydia Languish and Jane Austen's characters enjoyed high life. Brocades and powdered hair and a patch beneath the lip recall the days when differences of opinion were settled by the sword. "Never be monotonous! Never let a man be too sure of you! Never, never let a man see how far from lovely you can look!" These are the pieces of advice with which Mistress Kitty Bellairs instructed Lady Standish, and on those maxims turns the action of the play. If the situations are not original that fact does not prevent the story from reading well. The preface is one of the best parts of the book. Messrs. Castle and Belasco will undoubtedly make a good play of such promising material. (Stokes, \$1.50.)

**Love in a Cloud**, by Arlo Bates. No one knows his Boston better than Professor Bates. For a number of years he has been observing human nature with the satirical yet kindly interest of one who understands and can describe. "The Pagans" and "The Philistines" were *sui generis*,—terse, epigrammatic, satirical, but convincing. "The Puritans" was more rambling in style and dull in parts, in spite of the interesting bits of philosophy scattered through it. Now we have "Love in a Cloud." The characters are well conceived and well drawn, the plot hangs together better than that of "The Puritans," the philosophy is here, and the delightful satire; but Professor Bates appears to have made himself an adept in the description of Browning clubs and women's teas. The book is interesting, but the underlying current is more trivial than it was in his first books. Is this the influence of Mr. Howells, or does life appear less serious to Mr. Bates as the years roll on? (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

**The Queen's Garden**, by M. E. M. Davis, depicts life in New Orleans and thereabout. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.25.)

**Benjie Ben Cree**, by Arthur Cotton, recounts the adventures of a member of the seafaring house of Cree during the Civil War. (Doubleday & McClure, 50c.)

**The Trials of the Bantocks** proved, it is to be hoped, no serious tax upon the abilities of its author, G. S. Street. (Lane, \$1.25.)

**On the Heights of Himalay**, by A. Van der Naillees, is issued in a new illustrated edition. (Fenno, \$1.25.)

**The Harp of Life** is played upon by Elizabeth Godfrey in a pseudo-romantic fashion. (Holt, \$1.50.)

**The Parsonage Porch**, by Bradley Gilman, contains seven stories full of quiet charm and humanity "from a clergyman's note-book." (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.00.)



**Kennedy of Glenhaugh** is a moderately good romantic tale spun within Scotch setting, by David Maclure. (Merston, \$1.00.)

In **The Burden of Christopher**, Florence Converse treats us to fiction with a labor-problem twinge. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

**The Lunatic at Large**, by J. Storer Clouston, is, as may well be imagined—dialogistical. (Appleton, \$1.00.)

**The Soul and the Hammer**, by Lina Bartlett Ditson, shows characters "founded upon real life," but none founded upon real art. (Wieners, \$1.25.)

**Ray's Daughter**, A Story of Manila, proves that General Charles King fights and writes alternately—or simultaneously. (Lippincott, 75c.)

**Mrs. Sinclair's Experiments**, by Mrs. Wilson, is a vacuous story told in epistolary jerks. (Wright, \$1.00.)

**A Kent Squire**, by Frederick W. Hayer, mercifully elucidates itself as being "a record of certain adventures of Ambrose Gwynett, Esquire, of Thornhaugh." (Lupton, \$1.50.)

In **The Campaign of the Jungle**; or, With Lawton through Luzon, Edward Stratemeyer depicts "the Russell brothers'" adventures during the early expeditions under General Lawton. (Lee & Shepard, \$1.25.)

**From Door to Door**, by Bernard Capes, is a book of romances, fantasies, whimsies, and levities, reprinted, with the exception of six, from *Blackwood's*, *Cornhill*, the *Pall Mall Magazine*, *Literature*, etc. They are clever, pessimistic stories, abstract as regards the first few, direct in the later stories. The diction is strained, and metaphors run mad. (Stokes, \$1.50.)

**The Chronic Loafer**, by Nelson Lloyd, strikes well into the homespun heart. None of this score of stories is without interest, many of them reflect a decided gift for spinning dialect yarns. Mr. Lloyd is full of humor, and has—at second hand, though—a moderate sense of the picturesque. When his characters—the Loafer, the Miller, the School Teacher, the Patriarch, and the G. A. R. man—talk, all goes well, all is rich-flavored and pithy; but the author's own descriptions of scenery and of natural phenomena are, in comparison, limp and commonplace. (Taylor, \$1.25.)

**Sandburrs**, like Alfred Henry Lewis's earlier book, reeks of the West—the Southwest—and of the lower East Side. It is Wolfville plus a dash of the Bowery. "Annals of the Bend" and Wolfville episodes are about evenly sandwiched. The author is more rugged and unconventional in his Western atmosphere; the Bowery has had better exponents than Mr. Lewis—much better. In his real Sandburrs he is, however, well-nigh inimitable. The book has already attracted the avid eye of Mr. Gillette and we may see several of these stories made into a melodramatic mosaic à la Sherlock Holmes. (Stokes, \$1.50.)

**The Joy of Captain Ribot**, by A. Palacio Valdés, proves again how vastly finer is the Spanish novel at its best than the novel that wins vogue in the land of Spain's conquerors. As Mr. Howells says, "We Americans are apt to think, because we have banged the Spanish war-ships to pieces, that we are superior to the Spaniards; but here, in the field where there is always peace, they shine our masters." Ill-digested history served up by school-boy and school-girl "novelists" may jump into their hundreds of thousands, but are any number of such "greatest novels of the year" worth a simple, clean, swift page of Captain Ribot? Mr. Howells has the word, it seems. (Brentano, \$1.25.)

**The Realist**, by Herbert Flowerdew, presents the extreme to which realism can be carried. (Lane, \$1.50.)

**The Last Lady of Mulberry**, a story of Italian New York, is told by Henry Wilton Thomas, with no little sense of color and picturesqueness. The workmanship is not finished but the tale is absorbing. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

Max O'Rell has not added to his fame in **Woman and Artist**. It is one thing to observe a foreign country in a clever manner, and quite another thing to write a clever novel. (Harper, \$1.25.)

**Four Years, Nine**, by Bart Mynderse, piques the curiosity. Probably detective stories, well told, will never lose their interest. This book is next door to a detective story—an interesting record of prison life. (Stokes, \$1.50.)

Edmund P. Dole's **Hiwa, a Tale of Ancient Hawaii**, has more than ordinary interest. The reader feels sure that Mr. Dole's knowledge of Hawaiian legends is accurate, the story is entertaining, and it is well written. (Harper, \$1.00.)

**A Diplomatic Woman**, by Huan Mee, is a group of six detective stories written from the diplomatic point of view. The plots are quite improbable, but they display the feminine ingenuity of the woman that constructed them. The book bears the same

relation to literature that a roof-garden does to the serious drama. (Harper, \$1.00.)

**White Butterflies**, by Kate Upson Clark. The East, the West, and the South are represented in these thirteen stories, not wonderfully well but with interest. The characters are every-day people—people with sorrows in their lives and burdens to bear, yet poetry is not entirely absent. (Taylor & Co., \$1.25.)

Another novelist has thought it worth while to plunge into the bloody reign of Nero for historical background. Wilhelm Walloth is the man, **Empress Octavia** the book, and Mary J. Safford the translator. There is not a doubt that some of the scenes are thrilling,—more than that, even. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.50.)

**The West End**, by Percy White, is clever. The principal characters are the Treadaway family, *nouveaux-riches*, who go up to London to get into society. John Treadaway, referred to by the papers as "a merchant prince," has made his money in the wholesale jam business. His waspish, limping nephew is the chronicler and critic of the family progress, and his record is in Mr. White's most humorous, most philosophical strain. (Harper, \$1.50.)

The best that can be said about **As the Light Led**, by James Newton Baskett, is that it is well printed, well bound, and has an attractive cover. But those graces are not due to Mr. Baskett's ability. The story has a Methodist-Baptist atmosphere, and the scene is laid in the Mississippi valley, where the weather is "pretty." The hero says "Unh hunh!" when his wife shows him her efforts at sketching. The book is both dull and foolish. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

**An Opera and Lady Grasmere**, by Albert Kinross, is more than reminiscent of the play "Heartsease," in that a stolen opera is the theme; it is also suggestive of John Oliver Hobbes. Nevertheless, it is bright and readable. Any author that uses "anent" nowadays may fairly be suspected of writing for effect. The book stands in the first rank of third-class novels. Archie Gunn's illustrations are very bad. (Stokes, \$1.25.)

Barring too many classical allusions and too many quotations, **The Minister's Guest**, by Isabel Smith, is a good, old-fashioned English love-story. No historical background, no problems of sex mar its attractiveness. Two parsonages, one of the Established Church, one of a Dissenters' Chapel, are so well contrasted that one cannot help believing that Miss Smith paints from life. The characters are well drawn; the action is rapid enough to keep the reader constantly interested. (Appleton, \$1.00.)

**The Jimmyjohn Boss, and Other Stories**, by Owen Wister. It is not always a compliment to an author to compare him with another author. But to compare Owen Wister with Bret Harte is certainly advantageous to Mr. Wister. The younger man lacks the breadth and color which have characterized the older writer's works from the time when "The Luck of Roaring Camp" made him famous; nevertheless, there is a note, especially in the initial story of this group of eleven, which puts his works in the same key. (Harper, \$1.25.)

Welcome additions to **The Novels and Stories of Frank R. Stockton** are "The Great Stone of Sardis," "The Water-Devil," and "The Girl at Cobhurst." This new edition is an unmixed joy and should give Mr. Stockton's persuasive and whimsical fancy increased vogue. It would be hard to overpraise Mr. Stockton's work; a test of its rare quality lies in the fact that one returns to his earlier tales with even more than the original zest. There are few laughs in these delicious pages—the humor is quiet and seductive. In many regards Mr. Stockton is our one really finished fantasist; he is, certainly, the most restrained,—the most refined.

Volumes xiv. and xv. of the Shenandoah Edition of Frank Stockton's works are the latest to appear in this admirable series. The former volume includes, "The Associate Hermits," the latter several of the shorter stories, among them the least subtle—and hence the most popular—"The Lady or the Tiger?" (Scribner, Subscription.)

**The Seafarers**, by John Bloundelle-Burton, is neither better nor worse than the average novel in Appleton's Town and Country Library. The situations are startling, the style is unsophisticated. (Appleton, \$1.00.)

**A Dream of a Throne**, by Charles Fleming Embree, varies the list of recent historical novels by describing a popular Mexican revolt of half a century ago. It is long, but length does not deter the seeker after historical fiction. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.50.)

**The Song of the Sword**, by Leo Ditrichstein, needs no introduction. Any one that has seen the acting of Mr. and Mrs. Sothorn in the dramatized version knows the interest of this romance. Pictures of the play form illustrations. (Dillingham, \$1.50.)

**Babes in the Bush**, by Rolf Boldrewood, has nothing to do with the Babes in the Wood. "Bush" refers to Australia, where the Effingham family go to retrieve their fortune, lost in England. Mr. Boldrewood is very much at home in his descriptions of Australia and the life there. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

**The Banker and the Bear**, by Henry Kitchell Webster, holds the attention. It is the story of a corner in lard, interesting and well told. The theme is absorbing enough to make one forget the heat and dust of a railway journey. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

Jeremiah Curtin has completed the second half of his authorized and unabridged translation from the Polish of **The Knights of the Cross**, by Henryk Sienkiewicz. So much has been well said about the translation, that it seems only necessary to record this fact. The frontispiece is a recent photograph of the writer and translator, taken at Warsaw in 1900. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.00.)

S. R. Crockett's vitality has expressed itself in another long novel. **The Isle of the Winds**, whatever Mr. Crockett says, is of interest, because of his manner of saying it. This last story of adventure concerns the fortunes of Philip Stansfield the younger, kidnapped from Aberdeen to be sold as a slave in Philadelphia. (Doubleday & McClure Co., \$1.50.)

Richard Marsh, author of **A Second Coming**, is the author also of "The Beetle" and "The Crime and the Criminal." This, therefore, is his third coming. If one wishes to read one of his books, let it be "The Crime" or "The Beetle." It may be better than "The Second Coming." It cannot easily be worse. (Lane, \$1.50.)

It is difficult to be funny throughout three hundred pages, especially when the contract is for fun. Jerome K. Jerome's **Three Men on Wheels** contains some spontaneous writing and many strained passages. His philosophical observations are always good reading, and the "Subjugation of Ethelbertha" is genuinely amusing. So is his statement that Ahn's French grammar was originally written for a joke by a witty Frenchman, who intended it as a satire upon the conversational powers of British society. The illustrations by Harrison Fisher are particularly good. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)

Conan Doyle, in his preface to **The Green Flag** and other stories of war and sport, says that the book contains the fittest survivors of the tales which he has written during the last six years. They are strenuous reading. "The Croxley Master" is perhaps the best picture of a prize-fight in modern literature, and the doctor's young assistant, who earns enough to continue his studies by "knocking out" his beefy antagonist, gets his money none too easily. "The Green Flag" leaves an unpleasant taste which is removed by the record of loyalty in the story of "Slapping Sal." (McClure, Phillips & Co., \$1.50.)

#### PHILOSOPHY

**An Introduction to Ethics**, by Frank Thilly, Professor of Philosophy in the University of Missouri, is exhaustive, scholarly, and well adapted for a college textbook. Dr. Thilly is in close touch with the most modern thought on the subject, and his book is a welcome contribution to a question which needs continual readjustment. (Scribner, \$1.25.)

#### POETRY

**The Complete Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott** are edited in the "Cambridge Edition" by Horace E. Scudder. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.00.)

**Greystone and Porphyry** is a collection of a dozen and a half of the poems of Prof. Harry Thurston Peck, composed in various moods and a variety of metres—including the hexameter, as witness:

"This is a practical age, and it longs for a practical poet."

We do not intend to criticise it, for Professor Peck has a way of turning upon his critics, and proving, to their utter discomfiture (see the *July Bookman*), that Milton wrote as ungrammatically as he does. "Tantalus" is the title of one of the best of these poems; "Money" engages our attention in the longest of them all; in one we are taken into "Wonderland," and in another we find ourselves in "Roma Recentiorum," wherein the poet introduces "Christ and Jupiter" and "the hordes of Mr. Cook." Evolution, Bismarck, and Jeff Davis receive due attention; and such titles as "Immemor" and "Sub Noctem" remind us that the poet is a professor also, and not a poet only. Truth to tell, Professor Peck is so much of a poet that we wonder he wastes his time in editing text-books and magazines, translating Latin romances, and writing book-reviews, editorials, and cryptic answers to confiding correspondents. To be sure even his prose writings are distinctly lyrical in tone; but such a master of the hexameter should disdain

to employ so humble a medium as prose. We should be gratified to know that in future all of Mr. Peck's essays, prefaces, criticisms, and replies to criticisms were written in verse—hexameters preferred. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.25.)

Reginald Rankin, B.A., has done into English verse Wagner's *Nibelungen Ring*, and the first volume, now before us, contains "Rhine Gold" and "Val-kyrie." We have read more flexible blank verse, but this is at least fluent. (Longmans, \$1.50.)

Twenty-five *Songs of the Glens of Antrim* are reprinted by Moira O'Neill, author of the "Elf Errant," etc., by courtesy of the editors of *Blackwood's* and *The Spectator*. "Written by a Glenswoman in the dialect of the Glens, and chiefly for the pleasure of other Glens-people," they have an agreeable naïveté and a pleasant lyrical quality. (Macmillan, \$1.00.)

*The House of a Hundred Lights*: A Psalm of Experience, after Reading a Couplet of Bidpai, is a psalm of a hundred verses. FitzGerald is responsible for it. It has some good lines, but not so many as there are in the Rubaiyat. It will be time to read it when you know Omar by heart. (Small, Maynard & Co., \$1.00.)

In *Joy, and Other Poems*, Danske Dandridge reveals herself as a minor poet, but a true one. There is fancy here, and fluency, love of God and love of nature. The frontispiece portrait shows a face of great refinement. The author dedicates her book (now in its second edition, and enlarged) "To that pearl among women, Lilian Whiting." (Putnam, \$1.50.)

#### RELIGIOUS

*An Essay Toward Faith*, by Wilford L. Robbins, D.D., Dean of All Saints', Albany, is a simple, earnest booklet, the title of which gives a ready key to its contents. (Longmans, \$1.00.)

*Back to Christ*, by Walter Spencer, ranks as an earnest though not luminous contribution to contemporary theological literature. (McClurg, \$1.00.)

*The Integrity of Christian Science* is discussed and, naturally, upheld by Mrs. A. D. T. Whitney. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)

*The History of the Book of Common Prayer*, by the Rev. Leighton Pullan, is, in the author's words, "intended to illustrate the history and meaning of the Book of Common Prayer, and more especially of those services which are in most frequent use and have been the subjects of theological discussion." (Longmans, \$1.50.)

*The Life of Jesus of Nazareth*, by Rush Rhees, of the Newton Theological Institution, aims "to help thoughtful readers of the Gospels to discern more clearly the features of Him whom these writings inimitably portray." (Scribner, \$1.25.)

*The Conception of Immortality* is Professor Royce's Ingersoll lecture for 1899. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)

In *Faith and Sight* William Pierson Merrill offers an earnest though not luminous contribution regarding the present-day relation of agnosticism to theology. (Scribner, \$1.00.)

*A Mental Index of the Bible*, by Rev. S. C. Thompson, facilitates in a perfectly logical fashion the verification of texts, passages, or references in any part of the Bible. The method is ingenious, and, while by no means infallible, is a distinct gain over the cumbersome concordance. (Funk & Wagnalls, \$1.50.)

#### TRAVEL

Owing to the prompt publication of *China, the Long-Lived Empire*, by Eliza Ruhamah Scidmore, one might almost accuse the Century Company of undue opportunism. In point of fact, though, the book was ready and waiting for the binder when the present crisis became acute, its immediate issue being not suspicious but fortuitous. The volume is fascinating reading from first to last and the illustrations are full of variety, interest, and piquancy. Despite imminent events, there will be no need to revise the title-page, for, though the Long-Lived Empire may not live much longer, it may well go on record as such, having earned that distinction at least. (Century Co., \$2.50.)

*Down North and Up Along* as a title runs, like the St. Johns River, uphill. The book is a series of notes taken by Margaret W. Morley in Nova Scotia, New Brunswick, and Cape Breton. (Dodd, Mead, \$1.50.)

*As Seen by Me, i. e.*, by Lillian Bell, is a superficial and gossiping little book of travel, the chief virtue of which is its frank inability to be anything more momentous. (Harper, \$1.25.)

Rosalind Pritchard's *London and Londoners*, already familiar to English provincial, and chance American travellers as a creditable guide to London, is herewith issued under new colors. (Wessels, \$1.25.)

**European Travel for Women**, by Mary Cadwalader Jones, though primarily intended for women, contains much information valuable to either sex. It is hard to give the problems of Continental travel a sex interpretation; they are inherently devoid of gender even—no, they are neuter. (Macmillan, \$1.00.)

**Paris as Seen and Described by Great Writers**, edited and translated by Esther Singleton, has all the virtues and all the failings of books of such calibre. It escapes monotony, but it lacks continuity. Such a compilation shows industry in plenty and, on the whole, it is far better to know what many big men say about Paris than to fall foul of one little man—or woman. Selections from Victor Hugo, Louis Blanc, Balzac, Renan, Zola, Hamerton, and others are carefully arranged, and numerous snap-shots give a touch of immediacy. Paris has had her poets but not her poet—which, indeed, seems sufficient justification for the present volume. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)

The late Philip Gilbert Hamerton's **Paris**, one of the most sympathetic and scholarly books of its kind ever written, is issued in a new edition, doubtless with a view of meeting the popular demand for works about Paris. Mr. Hamerton's is superior to the sporadic Paris books which have recently sprung to the surface; it will outlive them all, its merits being not transient nor accidental but permanent. (Little, Brown & Co., \$3.00.)

**Harper's Guide to Paris and the Exposition of 1900** contains a comprehensive map and guide to the City of Paris and the Exposition. (Harper, \$1.00.)

### MISCELLANEOUS

**Democracy and Empire**, with studies of their Psychological, Economic, and Moral Foundations, by Franklin Henry Giddings, M. A., Ph.D. This book is the outcome of ten years of thought and writing. Prof. Giddings believes that small states will continue to combine into larger political aggregates until all the semi-civilized, barbarian, and savage communities are brought under the protection of the larger civilized nations. He also believes that either the English-speaking people of the world or the Russians will be the predominant influence in the civilization of the future, and that democracy and empire are only correlative aspects of the evolution of mankind. These twenty essays and lectures deserve careful reading by all those who are interested in the progress of humanity. They are practical and philosophical. (Macmillan, \$2.50.)

In **Prophets of the Nineteenth Century** Mary Alden Ward treats in small scope the ideas for which Carlyle, Ruskin, and Tolstoi are popularly supposed to stand; besides giving personal glimpses of her prophets. (Little, Brown & Co., \$1.75.)

**Woodworking for Beginners**, by Charles G. Wheeler, B.S., ranks as one of the most complete manuals of its character so far published. Intended for the general amateur—of any age—it covers the field from the use of the most simple and ordinary tools in everyday issues to elementary house- and boat-building. The language is clear and direct, the descriptions concise and comprehensive, and the illustrations apt and copious. It is a work which cannot fail to stimulate activity in a field too little cultivated in these days of machinery and machine-made contrivances. (Putnam, \$3.50.)

**The Young Folks' Encyclopædia** of Persons and Places, edited by John Denison Champlin, A. M., is issued in a new revised edition. (Holt, \$2.50.)

**The International Year Book** for 1899, edited by Frank Moore Colby, M.A., with the assistance of Harry Thurston Peck, Ph. D., forms an unusually complete compendium of the world's progress during the year just past. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)

**The Diplomatic Relations of the United States and Spanish America** comprises a reprint of Dr. John H. Latané's Albert Shaw Lectures on Diplomatic History for 1899, delivered at Johns Hopkins, portions of which have appeared in the *North American Review*. (Johns Hopkins Press, \$1.50.)

**The Chronicles of Sir John Froissart** have been carefully condensed by Adam Singleton for patrons of the "Home Reading Books." (Appleton, 75c.)

**Boxers and their Battles**, by "Thormanley," the noted authority on prize-ring matters, consists of a series of sketches and personal recollections of famous British pugilists beginning with Jem Belcher and closing with Tom Sayers and the "Tipton Slasher." The book amply proves Professor Saintsbury's dictum that—"All fights are good reading." (Everett, 3s. 6d.)

Nat Gould's **Sporting Sketches**, like "Boxers and their Battles," are good, breezy comments upon another national British pastime—racing. There is something refreshingly unliterary about the sporting writer's output. For one thing, he knows of what he writes. Technical details are at his finger-tips. He has the sub-



lime swagger, the perfect freedom and spontaneity, which are the essentials of expression in any medium. (Everett, 3s. 6d.)

In the **Discovery of a Lost Trail** the author, Charles B. Newcomb, has "not aimed at metaphysical fugues or oratorios." He furthermore states, with welcome clairvoyance, that critics will find his book "without rhyme or reason." (Lee & Shepard, \$1.50.)

**The Prince who Did Not Exist**, by Edward Perry Warren, will presumably lead a very short life. Typography is his only excuse, and the reader's only compensation. (Scribner, \$2.00.)

**Our Presidents, and How we Make them**, Col. A. K. McClure's opportune volume which is full of fact and reminiscence, has already been noticed in **THE CRITIC**. It is well to know how to make Presidents; how to make better Presidents, or how to make our Presidents better, would be a step beyond. (Harper, \$2.00.)

**Cotton Tails**, a suite of nonsense rhymes with nonsensical illustrations by George A. Beckenbaugh, may be well for *The Sunday Colored Supplement* but hardly merit being collected between book covers. (Russell, \$1.00.)

**Living by the Spirit**, by Horatio W. Dresser, purposes, in the author's own words, "to simplify the problems of life," its aim being, "to increase the reader's knowledge of self, to add to his powers of helpfulness, that through this added understanding of life and this greater power of service he may be the more ready to manifest the fulness and beauty of the Spirit." (Putnam, 75c.)

**About My Father's Business** is problematically characterized as being "a twentieth century book." (Mershon, \$1.50.)

**Let There Be Light**, by David Lubin, has for its sub-title the story of a workmen's club, its search for the causes of poverty and social inequality, its discussions, and its plan for the amelioration of existing evils. Undoubtedly such a tract, written in the form of a story, will attract more readers than if it had not the semblance of fiction. As a story, it is a dead failure. As a treatise on sociology, it is fairly interesting. (Putnam, \$1.50.)

**Colonial Civil Service**, by A. Lawrence Lowell, is a concise presentation of the method of selecting and training colonial officials in England, Holland, and France, with a view to the coming demand in the United States for some such system. The work closes with an account of the East India College at Haileybury, and is, throughout, full of suggestion. We already need systematically trained colonial officials in place of nondescript bunglers, and the sooner they are materialized the better. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

## Library Reports on Popular Books

*The following lists are of the books most in demand during the month previous to the 5th of the present month, at the circulating libraries, free and subscription, in the representative centres, of the United States and Canada. They have been prepared, in each case, at the request of the editors of The Critic by the librarians of the libraries mentioned or under their personal supervision. This record is intended to show what books other than fiction are being read, though the one most called-for novel is admitted to the list.*

### NEW YORK CITY

#### New York Society Library, University Place. F. B. BIGELOW, Librarian.

Life of W. H. Seward. Bancroft. (Harper, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

Memoirs of Baroness Cecile de Courtot. (Holt, \$2.00.)

Memoirs of the Duchess of Teck. Cooke. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$7.50.)

Glimpse at Guatemala. Maudslay. (Murray, 84 shillings.)

Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.50.)

Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)



- Dutch and Quaker Colonies. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 2 vols., \$4.00.)  
 Life of J. E. Millais. Millais. (Stokes, 2 vols., \$10.00.)  
 Map of Life. Lecky. (Longmans, \$2.00.)  
 Paris as it is. De Forest. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.25.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

- Reign of Law. Allen. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

**Mercantile Library, Astor Place.** W. T. PEOPLES, *Librarian.*

- The Rise of the Russian Empire. Munro. (Page, \$3.50.)  
 South Africa, Past and Present. Markham. (Smith, Elder & Co., \$3.50.)  
 Memoirs of the Duchess of Teck. Cooke. (Scribner, \$7.50.)  
 Village Life in China. Smith. (Revell, \$2.00.)  
 Highways and Byways in Normandy. Dearmer. (Macmillan, \$2.00.)  
 Ways of Men. Gregory. (Scribner, \$1.50.)  
 Problems of Expansion. Reid. (Century Co., \$1.50.)  
 1815, Waterloo. Houssaye. (Black, \$4.50.)  
 China the Long Lived Empire. Scidmore. (Century Co., \$2.50.)  
 Chinese Characteristics. Smith. (Revell, \$1.25.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

- Bath Comedy. Castle. (Stokes, \$1.25.)

**New York Free Circulating Library.** J. N. WING, *Librarian.*

- Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, \$5.00.)  
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Map of Life. Lecky. (Longmans, \$2.00.)  
 Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.00.)  
 Reminiscences. McCarthy. (Harper, 2 vols., \$4.50.)  
 Love Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. (Harper, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
 From Cape Town to Ladysmith. Steevens. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.25.)  
 Biography of a Grizzly. Seton-Thompson. (Century Co., \$1.50.)  
 Three Men on Wheels. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

- To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

**Mechanic's Institute Free Library. (Apprentices'.)** 18 West 44th Street.

W. H. PARKER, *Librarian.*

- Break-Up of China. Beresford. (Harper, \$3.00.)  
 Guide to the Opera. Singleton. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)  
 Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Letters from Japan. Fraser. (Macmillan, \$7.50.)  
 Tramping with Tramps. Flynt. (Century Co., \$1.50.)  
 Memoirs of a Revolutionist. Kropotkin. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.00.)  
 Nooks and Corners of Old New York. Hemstreet. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 The Transvaal from Within. Fitzpatrick. (Stokes, \$3.00.)  
 Napoleon I. in Russia. Verestchagin. (Scribner, \$1.75.)  
 Oom Paul's People. Hillegas. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

*Most Popular Novels.*

- To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)  
 Via Crucis. Crawford. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

**BROOKLYN, N. Y.**

**Public Library.** ARTHUR E. BOSTWICK, *Librarian.*

- Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, \$5.00.)

- Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.50.)  
 How England Saved Europe. Fitchett. (Scribner, 4 vols., \$8.00.)  
 Nature's Garden. Blanchen. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$3.00.)  
 Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Flame, Electricity, and the Camera. Iles. (Doubleday & McClure, \$2.00.)  
 Sailing Alone around the World. Slocum. (Century Co., \$2.00.)  
 Oom Paul's People. Hillegas. (Appleton, \$1.50.)  
 Three Men on Wheels. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

- To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

**Pratt Institute Free Library.** MARY W. PLUMMER, *Librarian.*

- Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
 Elizabeth and her German Garden. (Macmillan, \$1.75.)  
 New Humanism. Griggs. (Griggs, \$1.60.)  
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.50.)  
 Love Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. (Harper, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
 Reminiscences. McCarthy. (Harper, 2 vols., \$4.50.)  
 Impressions of South Africa. Bryce. (Century Co., \$3.50.)  
 Oom Paul's People. Hillegas. (Appleton, \$1.50.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

- To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

**JERSEY CITY, N. J.**

**Free Public Library.** ESTHER E. BURDICK, *Librarian.*

- Three Men on Wheels. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)  
 Red Fairy Book. Lang. (Burt, \$1.00.)  
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Ascent of Man. Drummond. (Pott & Co., \$1.50.)  
 Field, Forest, and Wayside Flowers. Hardinge. (Baker, \$1.50.)  
 Electrical Instrument-Making for Amateurs. Bottone. (Excel. Pub. Ho., \$1.00.)  
 Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$1.50.)  
 Memoirs of Baroness Cecile de Courtot. (Holt, \$2.00.)  
 Books on Paris.  
 Books on China.

*Most Popular Novel.*

- To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

**ALLEGHENY, PA.**

**Carnegie Free Library.** WM. M. STEVENSON, *Librarian.*

- Dante. Longfellow. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., 3 vols., \$4.50.)  
 Red Eagle. Eggleston. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.00.)  
 Biography of a Grizzly. Seton-Thompson. (Century Co., \$1.50.)  
 Kate Field. Whiting. (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.00.)  
 Paolo and Francesca. Phillips. (Lane, \$1.25.)  
 Letters. Stevenson. (Stone & Kimball, \$2.25.)  
 Trail of the Sandhill Stag. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$1.50.)  
 Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.50.)  
 Psychology. Ladd. (Scribner, \$4.50.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

- To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

**ATLANTA, GA.****Carnegie Library.** ANNE WALLACE, *Librarian.*

- Wagner and his Works. Finck. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$4.00.)  
 Caesar. Froude. (Scribner, \$1.50.)  
 Songs of the South. Clarke. (Lippincott, \$2.50.)  
 Love Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. (Harper, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
 Colonial Mobile. Hamilton. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$3.00.)  
 Montaigne's Works. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$7.50.)  
 My Musical Life. Haweis. (Longmans, \$2.50.)  
 Lord Brougham's Works. (Black, \$22.00.)  
 Briton and Boer. Bryce and others. (Harper, \$1.25.)  
 Apologia pro Vita Sua. Newman. (Longmans, \$1.25.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

- To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

**BRIDGEPORT, CONN.****Bridgeport Public Library.** AGNES HILLS, *Librarian.*

- Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)  
 Language of the Hand. Cheiro. (Transatlantic, \$2.50.)  
 Life of Lincoln. Tarbell. (Doubleday & McClure, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
 Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Sailing Alone around the World. Slocum. (Century Co., \$2.00.)  
 Tramping with Tramps. Flynt. (Century Co., \$1.50.)  
 Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.50.)  
 Flame, Electricity, and the Camera. Iles. (Doubleday & McClure, \$2.00.)  
 Mechanical Movements. Hiscox. (Henley, \$3.00.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

- To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

**BUFFALO, N. Y.****Buffalo Public Library.** H. L. ELMENDORF, *Librarian.*

- Three Men on Wheels. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)  
 Biography of a Grizzly. Seton-Thompson. (Century Co., \$1.50.)  
 Flame, Electricity, and the Camera. Iles. (Doubleday & McClure, \$2.00.)  
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Mississippi Valley in the Civil War. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.00.)  
 The Unknown. Flammarion. (Harper, \$2.00.)  
 Paolo and Francesca. Phillips. (Lane, \$1.25.)  
 Language of the Hand. Cheiro. (Neely, \$2.00.)  
 How England Saved Europe. Fitchett. (Scribner, 4 vols., \$8.00.)  
 Paris as it Is. De Forest. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.25.)

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- To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

**CHICAGO****Public Library.** FREDERICK H. HILD, *Librarian.*

- Mark Twain's Works.  
 Biography of a Grizzly. Seton-Thompson. (Century Co., \$1.50.)  
 Break-Up of China. Beresford. (Harper, \$3.00.)  
 Through China with a Camera. Thomson. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$5.00.)  
 Suggestive Therapeutics. Bernheim. (Putnam, \$3.50.)  
 Village Life in China. Smith. (Revell, \$2.00.)

Language of the Hand. Cheiro. (Neely, \$2.00.)  
 Three Men in a Boat. Jerome. (Holt, \$1.25.)  
 Science and Health. Eddy. (Armstrong, \$3.25.)  
 Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.00.)

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Richard Carvel. Churchill. (Macmillan, \$1.50.)

#### CLEVELAND, OHIO

**Public Library.** WM. H. BRETT, *Librarian.*

Three Men on Wheels. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)  
 Our Native Trees and how to Identify them. Keeler. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Unchanging East. Barr. (Page & Co., \$3.00.)  
 Towards Pretoria. Ralph. (Stokes, \$1.50.)  
 Biography of a Grizzly. Seton-Thompson. (Century Co., \$1.50.)  
 The Unknown. Flammarion. (Harper, \$2.00.)  
 Life Beyond Death. Savage. (Putnam, \$1.50.)  
 Little People of Asia. Miller. (Dutton, \$2.00.)  
 Fifty Famous Stories Retold. Baldwin. (American Book Co., \$ .50.)

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To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

#### DETROIT, MICH.

**Detroit Public Library.** HENRY M. UTLEY, *Librarian.*

Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, \$5.00.)  
 The Transvaal from Within. Fitzpatrick. (Heinemann, \$2.50.)  
 Three Men on Wheels. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)  
 American Telephone Practice. Miller. (American Electrician Co., \$2.00.)  
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 London to Ladysmith via Pretoria. Churchill. (Longmans, \$1.50.)  
 Right Road to Photography. Nicol. (Gennert, \$1.50.)  
 Towards Pretoria. Ralph. (Stokes, \$1.50.)  
 Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 History of South Africa. Worsfold. (Dent., \$5.00.)

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#### KANSAS CITY, MO.

**Kansas City Public Library.** CARRIE WESTLAKE WHITNEY, *Librarian.*

Law of Psychic Phenomena. Hudson. (McClurg, \$1.50.)  
 Life Beyond Death. Savage. (Putnam, \$1.50.)  
 Liquid Air and Liquefaction of Gases. Sloane. (Henley, \$2.50.)  
 Briton and Boer. Bryce and others. (Harper, \$1.25.)  
 White Man's Africa. Bigelow. (Harper, \$2.50.)  
 Map of Life. Lecky. (Longmans, \$2.00.)  
 Solar Biology. Butler. (Esoteric Pub. Co., \$5.00.)  
 Love Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. (Harper, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
 Suggestive Therapeutics. Bernheim. (Putnam, \$3.50.)  
 Following the Equator. Clemens. (American Pub. Co., \$3.50.)

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## PHILADELPHIA, PA.

### Mercantile Library. JOHN EDMANDS, *Librarian*.

- Break-Up of China. Beresford. (Harper, \$3.00.)  
Memoirs of Duchess of Teck. Cooke. (Scribner, \$7.50.)  
Towards Pretoria. Ralph. (Stokes, \$1.50.)  
Guide to the Trees. Lounsberry. (Stokes, \$2.50.)  
Tramping with Tramps. Flynt. (Century Co., \$1.50.)  
Life Beyond Death. Savage. (Putnam, \$1.50.)  
Works of Francis Parkman. (Little, Brown & Co., \$18.00, \$24.00.)  
From Cape Town to Ladysmith. Steevens. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.25.)  
Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, \$5.00.)  
Love Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. (Harper, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

#### *Most Popular Novels.*

- Gentleman from Indiana. Tarkington. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.50.)  
Unleavened Bread. Grant. (Scribner, \$1.50.)

## SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

### Free Public Library. ANNIE E. CHAPMAN, *Librarian*.

- Following the Equator. Twain. (Am. Pub. Co., \$3.50.)  
Life Beyond Death. Savage. (Putnam, \$1.50.)  
Through Finland in Carts. Tweedie. (Black, \$3.00.)  
American Girl's Handy Book. Beard. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
Sailing Alone around the World. Slocum. (Century Co., \$2.00.)  
Three Men on Wheels. Jerome. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.50.)  
Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.00.)  
Unknown. Flammarion. (Harper, \$2.00.)  
Invisible Light. Warder. (Dillingham, \$1.25.)  
Liquid Air. Sloane. (Henley, \$2.50.)

#### *Most Popular Novel.*

- To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

## SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

### Public Library. GEORGE T. CLARK, *Librarian*.

- The Unknown. Flammarion. (Harper, \$2.00.)  
Life Beyond Death. Savage. (Putnam, \$1.50.)  
Elizabeth and her German Garden. (Macmillan, \$1.75.)  
From Cape Town to Ladysmith. Steevens. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.25.)  
Our Presidents and How we Make them. McClure. (Harper, \$2.00.)  
Biography of a Grizzly. Seton-Thompson. (Century Co., \$1.50.)  
Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
World Beautiful. Whiting. (Little, Brown & Co., 3 vols., \$3.00.)  
Books about China.  
Books about South African War.

#### *Most Popular Novel.*

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## SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

### City Library Association. J. C. DANA, *Librarian*.

- Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
Love Letters of Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett. (Harper, 2 vols., \$5.00.)  
Letters of Robert Louis Stevenson. Colvin. (Scribner, 2 vols., \$5.00.)

- Elizabeth and her German Garden. (Macmillan, \$1.75.)  
 Martyrdom of an Empress. (Harper, \$2.50.)  
 Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Child Life in Colonial Days. Earle. (Macmillan, \$2.50.)  
 Oom Paul's People. Hillegas. (Appleton, \$1.50.)  
 From Capetown to Ladysmith. Steevens. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.25.)  
 Paris as it Is. De Forest. (Doubleday, Page & Co., \$1.25.)

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- To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

**ST. LOUIS, MO.**

**Free Public Library.** F. M. CRUNDEN, *Librarian.*

- Guide to Paris. (Harper, \$1.00.)  
 The European Tour. Allen. (Dodd, Mead & Co., \$1.25.)  
 U. S. History. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.00.)  
 Tramping with Tramps. Flynt. (Century Co., \$1.50.)  
 Paolo and Francesca. Phillips. (Lane, \$1.25.)  
 Reminiscences. McCarthy. (Harper, \$4.50.)  
 Break-Up of China. Beresford. (Harper, \$3.00.)  
 Japan in Transition. Ransome. (Harper, \$3.00.)  
 Century of Science. Fiske. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$2.00.)  
 Life Beyond Death. Savage. (Putnam, \$1.50.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

- To Have and to Hold. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)

**TORONTO, CANADA**

**Toronto Public Library.** JAMES BAIN, JR., *Librarian.*

- Total Eclipses of the Sun. Todd. (Little, Brown & Co., \$2.00.)  
 Pompeii, its Life and Art. Mau. (Macmillan, \$6.00.)  
 Life of D. L. Moody. Moody. (Revell, \$2.00.)  
 The Highest Andes. Fitzgerald. (Scribner, \$6.00.)  
 The Natal Campaign. Burleigh. (Chapman, \$2.50.)  
 From London to Ladysmith, via Pretoria. Churchill. (Longmans, \$1.50.)  
 The War in South Africa; Its Causes and Effects. Hobson. (Nisbit, \$ .75.)  
 How England Saved Europe. Fitchett. (Scribner, 4 vols., \$8.00.)  
 The Yangtze Valley and Beyond. Bishop. (Murray, \$6.00.)  
 The Break-Up of China. Beresford. (Harper, \$3.00.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

- The Farringdons. Fowler. (Morang, \$1.25.)

**WORCESTER, MASS.**

**Free Public Library.** SAMUEL S. GREEN, *Librarian.*

- Fisherman's Luck. Van Dyke. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Life Beyond Death. Savage. (Putnam, \$1.50.)  
 Wild Animals I Have Known. Seton-Thompson. (Scribner, \$2.00.)  
 Ave, Roma Immortalis. Crawford. (Macmillan, \$6.00.)

*Most Popular Novel.*

- Prisoners of Hope. Johnston. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co., \$1.50.)



